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ASTOR, LENOX, AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

WILL. L. VISSCHER.

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"VISSCH."

A BOOK OF

SKETCHES, RHYMES

AND OTHER MATTERS.

CREDITED TO

MATTHEW MATTOX, N. P. R.

BY

WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER,
L. L. B.

J. B. JOHNSON, PUBLISHER.

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PREFACE.

"Birds of a feather flock together," is a trite old adage that every school-boy in the land has scrawled in his copy-book, in faint imitation of the august, Spencerian characters of his pedagogue; and from this chirographic pattern, perhaps, sprang philosophically the deduction, that "Misfortunes never come alone." "Bad luck," in all its gregariousness, followed and drove the chronicler herein through many wanderings, the which, brought under his notice and his pen, the incidents and characters portrayed in this little volume which he has published for the triple purpose of filling up an hour or two of the multitude's spare time, filling up some blank books he had by him, and mayhap, filling enough bright dollars into his depleted exchequer to get his teeth filled, so that he might continue to live out West and masticate Texas beef.

The author takes it upon himself to say, that he is really a modest, good-hearted, philanthropic being, any assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, and he adds as another reason for writing the book that he wanted to do the public a kindness by giving it something decent to read, and thereby be of some

use to the world if he hasn't been any to himself. Besides—to further carry out his charitable designs—he remembers that he has some enemies, and he wants to give them a chance like that which the patient prophet desired, when he wished that his enemy had written a book.

Some of the author's friends wanted him to call his book "Vichey Water," but as that article is too weak for even an ordinary beverage, its name, of course, wouldn't begin to do for a good strong book, and the suggestion was indignantly refused. Its writer has called it "Vissch" simply because he wanted to; which is a better reason than a great many authors can give for the title of their books.

It was, at first, the intention of the author of this book, to publish in it the portraits of the newspaper men who are sketched so graphically and biographically under its cover, but when he received the photograph of George Harding, from which the picture to be used herein was to have been made, the author's mind suddenly but sadly changed. George had changed so much himself was the cause of it. And then when Prentis' picture came, it not only settled the matter irrevocably forever, but the author sat down, in a second, and wrote to Hatcher and Thomas, and all the others, not to send their photographs at all. This author had a desire to linger out a reasonable share of man's allotted time, and he knew that if he published those pictures the public wouldn't let him do it. But to soothe the world for any possible short-comings in the remainder of the contents of the book, the author concluded to give it something handsome for a frontispiece, and accordingly presents his own picture. It is an excellent one made from a bust which he happened to be on at the time, and is therefore quite spirited.

A great many of the paragraphs which are printed in chapters and diffused through this work have been published by the author in different newspapers upon which he has been engaged and have sometimes "gone the rounds" uncredited, but he nevertheless claims them as original, not fearing—because of their weakness—that any one will deny it; and he conceives that he has a right to reprint them thus revised, especially since he has so many precedents in the action of Artemas Ward, Mark Twain, The Fat Contributor, Josh Billings and Orpheus C. Keer, famous humorists of this day, not to speak of Tom Hood and other illustrious wits of the generation before us.

For reproducing his poor little rhymes, or at least that portion of them which are printed here, the author has no other excuse than that some of his friends have been kind enough to say there is a little poetry in a few of them, and have requested him to embody them in this book.

To make as long a pre-face of this as possible, and wind it up in the stereotyped way—for that is the only stereotyping he ever expects it to obtain—the author desires to say in conclusion that if there is a single man—or married one either—in all this wide world, who, after buying a copy of this book and paying for it, don't like it, he need not buy another for himself, but may buy others and send to those whom he wishes to persecute. For which happy suggestion of a manner in which to obtain the most perfect revenge, the man should be duly thankful to

THE AUTHOR.

RELAXATION.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

As people generally have a faint desire to know who they are talking to, let me inform you, gentle reader, that my name is Matthew Mattox. Because I have an unmitigated hatred for figures,—except the figure of a fair female,—and because I have registered a solemn and irrevocable oath never to learn the multiplication table, is, doubtless, in the eternal fitness of things, the reason I am named Matthew Mattox; and when I tell you that I am a newspaper reporter by profession, I suppose you wont want to know anything more about me, individually, so I go on with my story.

With that all-pervading degree of financial acumen, and unswerving disposition to be economical, which stand out in bas-relief on the character of the average newspaper reporter, like the carved representations of a triumphal procession, on one of the monumental pillars of Ancient Rome, I concluded one winter to spend the holidays where it wouldn't cost anything. One of the special, and, I may say, principal causes of this determination was the fact that I had no money; and this universal, protracted and unrelenting impecuniosity is generally the great prompting agency, in that tendency, on my part,

to practice the saving virtue spoken of. It is rather unpleasant at times, and often reduces one to the necessity of going to out-of-the-way places to get a little relaxation and amusement, as it did me in the case about to be related, and the sequel will show that it came near resulting in his going much further, even "to that bourne," &c., *vide* Shakespeare. ("*Vide* Shakespeare" means, see Hamlet if he's at home.)

At the time of the occurrences narrated herein, there lived in a creek bottom, away up among the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, an old native who went—or came—by the name of Dr. 'Filson. I never knew why he was called Doctor, for I am sure he had never, in all his life, read as far as "Senna and Salts" in medicine. But his Christian name was Ulysses, and his wife had an old copy of the United States Dispensatory in the house; besides, she used often to physic, with calomel, the people in the neighborhood for "fevern ager," until her patients were salivated and their patience exhausted, when she was incontinently driven from the house. I had known the Doctor all my life, and my youthful and feeble mind used to entertain a sort of fragile notion, that Ulysses and the book and wife had something to do with the acquisition of his medical pseudonym.

The Doctor was one of the oddest mixtures of farmer, hunter, fisherman, carpenter and shoemaker that you ever clapped your eyes on, and in all his several avocations he considered himself the great unequalled. He pretended that he could raise bigger and better potatoes on his farm, that was so completely set on edge, and finer cattle from his scrub calves. He has been known to unhesitatingly, and, with remarkable persistence, declare that he had shot five wild turkeys through the head with one charge from "Old Sure Death," his rifle, and

that, too, when he had a very serious attack of "buck ager," which affection is a terrible shaking and trembling that always seizes an amateur hunter on sight of his game, and often an old one when he becomes specially anxious to compass some wonderful deed in Nimrodic pursuits.

Doctor F. would often come home without a single scale, after having been fishing for two or three days, and swear to his wife, "By grit Gracie! I hung a fish as big as John Newty!"—which latter individual was his over-grown step-son,—and Doc. would prove the fish was as large as he said he was, by producing the broken angling line and the very identical hook, which many a philosopher would suppose the fish was at that time wearing in his upper lip, and visiting his lesser neighbors to show his jewelry.

The Doctor would exhibit with the utmost pride the wonderful effects of his architectural and constructive powers, in the chicken-coops in the back yard, and the bee-gums in the garden, and while he was supposed to be making brogans for the winter wear of the family, he could often be found playing "euchre" with 'Squire Clack. Sometimes he and the 'Squire would play for two or three days at a stretch, stopping only for meals and a couple of hours' sleep in the early morning, and during these fits of infatuation in the study of the history of the "Four Kings and Four Knaves," he would not stop even long enough to replenish his wood-pile, although he might have done so by going up the hill-side, back of the house, fifty or sixty feet, chopping the wood and chuting it down almost into the kitchen door; but when absorbed in the mysteries of right and left "bowers," "tricks," "straights," and "marches," he would often order John Newty to "fall a rail and take the

lap," which was a facetious way he had of telling that willing young man to take part of the worm fence in front of the house and renew the fire.

When I arrived on Christmas eve at his double log cabin, with its multitudinous additions which had grown fungus-like on to his house as his family had grown, Doc. was at that time, by some marvelous and unexplained cause, pegging away, "half-soling" one of John Newty's old boots, that had to be ready for a big deer hunt which was to come off next day, and for which performance John Newty and myself were cast in very important roles. (It was a performance which I now think the critics would call a serio-comic farce.) It was night, and although Doc. was at work—for a wonder—the neighborhood fiddler was sitting on his throne in the "big-house," the name by which the largest room in the building is always known in these parts. There was a huge fire on the enormous hearth, and the boys and girls—they would have been young ladies and gentlemen in the city—of Doc's family, and the families of the vicinity, were dancing, like the deuce, an "Old Virginia Reel." The ancient negro fiddler was sawing violently on his violin a tune called "Snow-bird on de Ash-bank," singing, beating time with one foot, and in fact running the whole orchestra and calling the figures.

Being tired from travel, I did not take part in the dance, but sat by Doc. and his "kit," and listened to the yarns of my much-accomplished host, in which he was generally the central figure. He had a most unfortunate habit of mixing dates and displacing seasons, thus often producing snow in July, and harvest during the holidays, contrary to all the established regulations for the conduct of the weather, and sometimes endangering his character for veracity. For instance, he told

me that night how his buck-skin apron happened to have a bullet hole through both sides of it. Said he, "it was a swelterin' hot day in August, I tuck old Sure Death down from that par of horns thar, an' concluded I'd have a little still-hunt. I went out on the Piney Flats an' looked aroun' awhile, and purty soon I see'd a big buck come bouncin' along. I jis fotch old Sure Death down on him, an' when she cracked you orter see'd that old buck's heels; he throw'd the snow as high as the tree-tops, an' arter sorter runnin' and jumpin' about forty foot, he fell down an' went up. I'd shot him through the neck an' cut his big vein an' he bled to death. The woods was so thick and his horns was so big I know'd I'd never git 'em home, so I jis skinned him whar he was, an' toted the meat home, an' show's yer born that's the way the holes come in that ar apron."

My Philosophy came rudely forward at this juncture, inquiring, not only about the snow on a sweltering hot day, but also about how happened it that the perforated buck-skin was there when the last that was heard of it, it was lying away off in the forests of the Piney Flats. But my Politeness stepped forward at the same time, and quietly taking Philosophy by the arm, led her off on some more important errand.

By this time my whole-souled host had half-soled the boots, the dance was over and Doc. had driven the girls off to bed by telling them that they should pull off their stockings that night and hang them up for Santa Claus, lest they should find calves in them in the morning. I thought that some of their beaux might have been admonished to pull off their shirts for the same reason.

John Newty then lighted me off to a "caboose," somewhere among the great, rambling, oft-partitioned and

shapeless house—not shapeless, either, for it had more shapes than any house I ever saw—and soon I was most comfortably sunk in the arms of Somnus and the profundities of a feather-bed, so deep, and long, and wide, that I wish I had it now, and in the brief space of three seconds I was dreaming of a flock of wild turkeys dancing a quadrille to the whistle of the wind.

Betimes the next morning, the hunting party had gathered at Doc's. We were up to an excellent breakfast of stewed cabbage, crackling bread, fried pork and other good things, and when the sun rose and began to temper "a nipping and an eager air," we were with horses, hounds and guns far off in the forests.

The deer, in that region, are started eight or ten miles back among the hills, and they always turn toward the water, which in this country is toward the "settle-*ments*," as the little towns are called, up there, with a strong accent on the last syllable. The most ordinary deer-hunter knows the route the deer will run, the sides of the hills which they will take, and many points called "stands," which they must necessarily pass. So, as we rode along the "back-track," or rather the route in an opposite direction from that which the deer must come, we dropped some of our party along on different stands, and I had the privilege of occupying the last one, or rather the first one, when proximity to the deer is reckoned. This is quite an honor, for if the man on the first stand happens to be a good shot, and not subject to the "buck-ager," the chances for the other stand-men to get a shot at the game are rather slim.

The drivers left me on my stand and proceeded a mile or two further into the woods to flush the game, having, of course, decided in their own minds that I would never give any one else a ghost of an opportunity to get a shot at the deer if it

ever reached me, for I had duly impressed them with the remarkable success I had always achieved—sometimes to a greater extent than the facts would warrant—in ringing the bell at a shooting gallery with an air-gun.

I had with me a splendid London wire-twist double-barreled shot-gun, in each of its death-dealing tubes a charge of powder that would have pleased the soul of Guy Fawkes, and on the top of these charges, enough buck-shot to tear down a tree. Soon I sat down on an old log near by, with my formidable battery lying across my knees, and a long, long time I sat there with heroic endurance and the most unprecedented faith. Finally, however, my heroism began to fag, and I compared myself to Patience and Micawber, sitting on a monument, and waiting for something to turn up. Moreover I began seriously to entertain the treasonable idea of abandoning my post—of leaving that "stand" for a seat by Doc's blazing kitchen fire, and his handsome daughter, when suddenly I heard a rustling of leaves and snapping of twigs in the distance. Looking in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded—as they say in novels—I saw a noble deer coming with long bounds toward me. When he had got to within twenty steps of me, a little to my left and almost opposite, I cocked both hammers of that gun, pointed it at the deer, rose to my feet, shut my eyes and pulled both triggers, and that was all I knew about it for full five minutes. In the meantime the driving party came up and discovered me by my heels, which were always large ones, and which at this time were up on the log while the balance of me lay limp and unconscious on the other side of it from where I was standing when I pulled those awfully effective triggers.

When I came around, Doc. was rubbing me with whisky—an article which always has a very revivifying effect on me,

especially when administered externally—the dogs were lying around panting, and the buck was as dead as a door-nail within five feet of where he was when my gun stirred up the echoes in that neighborhood in such a vigorous style. Both of those allopathic doses of lead had gone to the heart of the deer and the breech of the gun had gone to my commissary department, with a "force and earnestness," as we say of a good actor, that would have done credit to a mule kicking down hill against a barn door. At any rate, I was helped onto a horse, my deer was placed on another and we were borne in triumph to Doc's house, but somehow I never did glory much in that double-barreled double-ended shot. It brought me more relaxation than I bargained for, and as soon as I had sufficiently recovered to travel, you can safely wager your government bonds that I traveled. I have been on but one dear hunt since, and the capture then made is still alive, perfectly docile, sits by me while I write—and didn't come out of the woods either.

PARADOXES.

That cannot be an ill wind which is able to be up and about.

The ladies must take an altar-ed position before they can expect their rites.

The most finished vocalist cannot get through the first bars of a prison with any credit to himself.

Let producers do all in their power, the feather crop will be light in spite of them.

You cannot raise stuff in a beer-garden to feed the family any more than you can make a boquet out of flowers of sulphur.

You can't cast a shadow at an iron foundry better than you can at any other place.

The Governor of Panama don't amount to much. He's only Soso.

A good way to find a man out, is to call when he isn't in.

Some policemen think it is necessary to knock a man down before they can take him up.

A newspaper is often called a sterling sheet when it has neither pounds, shillings or pence.

Many a man has gone on a "bust" who wasn't a sculptor.

Hoop-poles are not the places where the ladies vote.

The girl of the period looks more like an exclamation point, and she is going so fast that it doesn't seem like she could ever come to a full stop.

The cars keep going although men are continually brakeing them.

Many men can take a dram without a scruple.

You can send a man shocking news by electricity, and he will get over being despatched.

Burglars don't always escape even when they make a safe robbery.

A man who always wears large clothes, is addicted to loose habits.

At the theatre a "Hidden Hand" is often presented to the audience.

A man who cannot write may yet become distinguished, for when he signs a contract he is sure to make his mark.

If you want your wood to go a long ways leave it out at night.

A pair of matches are often worth more than a whole box.

You need not think butter will cure a cough simply because it is sold for consumption.

An umbrella won't do you any good unless it is used up.

When you cross on a bridge if you get back you must come the same way you went and yet in an opposite direction.

Printers seldom have any money to spare, but you must often go to them for a capital.

"Thou art so near, and yet so far," originated with some poor fellow who was near broke and far from home.

He that plays the ace and looses plays the deuce.

Because the sun never rises in the West, some old fogies oppose immigration towards that point of the compass fearing they will never see the bright orb of day again.

One has to look out sometimes to keep from being taken in.

A thief doesn't live a chaste life, and yet he is often chased all over the country.

The foulest villain in the world can make a clean breast of his dirtiest tricks.

It never has been decided, which is the butt end of a goat.

You can't catch fish with a Clario-net, nor get marrow out of a Trom-bone.

Some people look so well in masks that they should never take them off.

A man has been discovered who is too lazy to labor under an impression, not to say anything about laboring under a difficulty.

No class of people spend more time in elevating their fellow-men than Sheriffs.

The money market can get tight with impunity, and it is getting alarmingly so every day now.

It is not insinuated that Vinnie Ream gambles, but it is asserted that she has "busted" lots of people.

At a music store you have to pay for music to get it by the sheet, but at church you can get it by the choir for nothing.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Having been for six weeks, or perhaps a few days longer, the local editor of a daily newspaper, I had already begun to feel that such a position was much too circumscribed for the operation of my transcendant genius. Editor-in-chief was the place on the tripod, for which bountiful nature had so kindly endowed me.

It so happened that a young gentleman who was the editor of a seven column weekly in a village in Eastern Kentucky was a warm personal friend of Mr. P., our worthy old chief; besides, he was the possessor of a large fortune, which it is not necessary to say he didn't make in the newspaper business. I suppose he carried on his paper for glory, or perhaps out of pride for his native village, or it might have been that he had vanity enough to want to see himself in print, or had a chronic case of *cacoethes scribendi.* At any rate he kept that paper up, a thing which only a good deal of spare spending money could do.

One day he came down to the city, and while in conversation with the great man who made our paper the brightest journal in the West, he expressed his intention of going to England on a matter of business which would detain him four or five months, and he was in a terrible state of concernas to how his paper was to run during his absence.

Then for an instant began my spirit to rebel. Why couldn't people recognize genius without putting genius to the unpleasant necessity of introducing itself? and why couldn't our chief, if he had any kindly feeling for me; if he had any desire to see me take that position in life which befitted my experience, accomplishments and innate ability as a literateur? Why if he was a great and good man, as every body said he was, could he not now, with one word, place me higher, one step, on the ladder of fame, by recommending me for the exalted position, which was here now striving and begging for the talent that could manipulate it?

These thoughts sped through my brain with the quickness of electricity. This assertion is based on a mathematical calculation, the grand sum of which was our noble chieftain's reply, for adding together the natural suddenness of his conclusions on all things, and the very short space of time which etiquette would have allowed for an answer of some sort on a matter of so much present importance, the result must have been that I thought the foregoing thoughts with all the rapidity suggested, as the whole mental operation was performed between the question and the reply. The reason I am so positive on this point is, that when the chief spoke his words lifted my soul out of the depths into which I had prematurely plunged it, and raised it up to where I could behold with utter scorn the groveling want of self-estimation that had led me to presume the possibility of any other hnman's promotion to the position which I had even condescended to covet. He said, "Why, George, can't my boy here do it for you?" and when George replied that he thought I might, I was so elated at the prospect that I was willing to overlook the very little bit of

doubt which might have lurked in the chief's interrogative way of proposing me, and George's reply, "I *think* he *might.*"

Passing by all the preliminary arrangements, on George's part for the voyage, and the impatience that was suffered on my part during the intervening four weeks, at the end of that time, with the first "plug" hat I had ever owned, and a new and very large seal on my fob-chain, to give me more the air of an old British essayist, I took my departure for the village of O. Arriving there about dark, I proceeded to the office of the "Palladium," and found the door locked. Forthwith I resolved that on the morrow I would settle the matter of locking the chief editor out of that sanctum at any hour, and then possessing my soul with patience I went to the hotel and to bed, being far too modest to undergo for any considerable length of time the glances of envy from the young and admiration from the old loafers who had foregathered in the room which did service as the office of the hotel and as a bar for the vending of vile whisky.

By force of habit I was a late sleeper, but I arose early the following morning and proceeded to the newspaper office. I found it to be a room about 12x14 feet, in which were crowded three type-stands, a Washington hand-press, a table with an imposing-stone, and over in a little corner by a very little window, which was ornamented with cob-webs, and the glass of which was frosted with the dust of many summers, stood a rickety desk—the editor's desk.

I walked in and addressed myself to an exceedingly tall old man who wore specs and a paper cap. He stood by a type rack which had been raised with two bricks under each foot to accommodate his great length, and when I spoke to him he asked me what he could do for me, and was going on to

expatiate on the great facilities the "Palladium" office afforded for doing job-work in the most unexceptionable style, when I informed him that I was the newly appointed editor of the paper. Then he looked down at me over his glasses, seeming to take a mental inventory of my capacities, both intellectual and physical, and at the same time a short fat boy, who had been perched up by another type rack on a high stool, suddenly and incontinently tumbled off on to the floor at the extraordinary announcement, emptying the contents of his composing stick in wild and wonderfully scattered "pi" about the establishment. The old man picked him up with his disengaged hand, and having placed him in a perpendicular position, with a movement something like that which Columbus made when he stood that traditional egg on end, quietly and deliberately proceeded to slap him over on the floor again. The boy seemed to be used to this, for he picked himself up without a murmur and resumed his place on the stool, from which I inferred that he was in the habit of thus violently descending whenever affected by any degree of sudden astonishment.

The old man then pointed to the desk and informed me that that was my place, and that he didn't need any copy for this week's issue, as he and the absent editor had by a combined effort arranged that before the departure of the latter. I thought this was very cruel but took consolation from the fact, that I would have more time to write for the next week's paper, among other articles, one calculated to totter the proud thrones of the despotic empires of the old world, cause kings to tremble for their ancient dynasties, and strengthen and bolster up, as with iron bands, and colossal pillars of granite, our own fair fabric of government the Republic of the United States of America.

When the time came for me to furnish this "copy," I handed in the leader with some other political and ethical essays, of minor importance as compared to the leader, yet of a sufficiently valuable character, according to my opinion, to be published conspicuously by the leading journals of the world. When I handed them to the long and ancient printer, I looked down with a blush which would have betrayed my consciousness of the power which lay so darkly concealed in them then, and returned to the hotel, having left directions to be sent for to read the proofs when they were ready.

Before I left, however, Mr. Longley—that was the name by which this venerable typographical artist was known—looked down at me again, over his specks, and the fat boy evinced his astonishment by tumbling off of his stool, this time biting his tongue in a painful manner. He always had his tongue sticking out of his mouth at one corner when he was at work, and the great wonder to me was, that he hadn't bitten it off long before. Mr. Longley, thinking perhaps, that the boy's hurts were punishment enough this time, mercifully refrained from standing him up and knocking him down, and without any apparent notice of either the fall or its consequences, proceeded to inform me that he would get up the local matter himself, which was of course a very satisfactory arrangement to me, as I had flown far beyond such shallow seas days before. Nevertheless, I didn't half like the way he emphasized the word "myself," for it seemed to imply that the local was the most important matter in that sheet, and that Mr. Longley felt that it was therefore necessary that he should attend to the editing of it. I was inclined to dislike Mr. Longley for this, but I felt that it would be too hard on the old man, after he had read my editorials, to think that he had incurred the displeasure

of such a writer, and so I withheld from him any other feeling than that of pity, and wandered with a slow gait and thoughtful, as should become an editor-in-chief, along the sidewalk of the principal street in the village toward my room.

The next day I read the proofs and asked Mr. Longley if he didn't think the leader was the thing for the hour. Forthwith the fat boy tumbled off of the stool, and Mr. Longley escaped in the confusion to the wood pile, and came in in a few moments, carrying an immense armful of stove sticks. The fat boy's behaviour was almost exasperating as it was a convincing proof to me that he didn't appreciate my ability as an editor, but on a second thought I quieted my perturbed soul with the self-addressed interrogatory "how could he?" I excused Mr. Longley because I presumed he felt a delicacy about complimenting me to my face, as I deserved.

Having ascertained that the paper would be printed and distributed that afternoon, I went to my room, and staid there three mortal days. For, as I said before, I was very modest, and I expected that if I appeared in public the people would be gazing at me, and pointing me out, saying, "there he goes," "that's him," "he wrote it," &c., &c.; all expressive of a deep and all-pervading astonishment, that one so young could write such sweeping and powerful things, and of the liveliest satisfaction, because he had vouchsafed to do it. I expected to be serenaded the next night, and perhaps ridden on the shoulders of the crowd, but I must confess that my expectations were not realized in either particular. I accounted for the one by the fact, elicited from the porter, boot-black, stable-boy, waiter and general do-all of the house, that there was no band in the place. The other part of my unacted programme was left out,

I supposed, because the crowd thought it useless to attempt to get hold of me, as I kept my door bolted all the time.

Presuming that a sufficient time had elapsed for the first impulses of enthusiasm and admiration to tone down, I venture forth to the office. No one seemed to remember that they had ever seen me before, and when I ventured to ask the postmaster if he had read my leader, he said he had and that he thought it was very good in some respects, and added that he thought it was written by Mr. Longley, which latter remark was intended as a grand climax to the compliment for which I had so successfully angled. To say that I was disgusted, and that I would liked to have seen that postmaster officially decapitated, would but feebly express the feelings which then possessed me. I inquired for a letter, expecting one from my worthy chief in the city, but not receiving it, I turned away and walked rapidly toward the office of the "Palladium." On the way I passed a knot of men who were discussing one of Mr. Longley's articles about a free bridge across the creek, but no one was heard to utter a word about the unfortunate leader. Suddenly I arrived at the conclusion that I had been casting pearls before swine, and walked on faster than before. When I got to the office I inquired of Mr. Longley if any one had mentioned my leader to him, or if any of our city exchanges had copied it. Forthwith the fat boy tumbled off of the stool, and I had already gathered him by the back of the head, when Mr. Longley, feeling perhaps that I was usurping one of his prerogatives, remonstrated by gently tapping me on the sconce with an iron side-stick, which brought the warm blood trickling down to my collar. I couldn't return the compliment in kind, as he was too old for me to strike, besides, I had a considerable degree of respect for his size. I was about to expos-

tulate with him upon the very disagreeable way he had of explaining himself, when George, the editor and proprietor, walked in. He had been to New York, but for satisfactory reasons his trip to London had been indefinitely postponed, and he had thus abruptly retured most opportunely, and to my unspeakable relief. I expected to hear him "go for" for Mr. Longley, but it seemed that he was a mere serf under the despotic rule of that terrible tyrant; but he explained that the fat boy had tumbled off of that stool until it had become a chronic habit, and that he meant no insult thereby, though it was quite expensive to the office in the matter of lost type.

Without bidding Mr. Longley a very affectionate farewell I left the office of the "Palladium," and after enjoying George's hospitality for several days and the society of more of his lady friends, through his presentation, than I could have otherwise approached in the space of ten years, I returned to the city. Arriving at my old place, I asked my venerable friend, the worthy chief, how he liked my first leader. He looked at me in utter amazement, asked me unblushingly what I was talking about, and where I had been for such a long time. He was a very absent-minded man, so I told him I had been deer-hunting, or something of that sort.

I have never had any "hankering" to be an editor-in-chief since, especially of a country weekly, where half of the people are still voting for Andy Jackson at every fall election, and where they think, with Sol. Smith Russell's "Mr. Fossil," that Daniel Webster would have amounted to something if he hadn't got his head full of "book larnin" and gone off to the city.

GREENS.

Pork chops are hog-jowls.

Necessity is the mother of invention, but who the father is has never been accurately ascertained.

The Argus is a good name for a newspaper, because they have so many "i's" in them.

Somebody ought to invent a truss to cure the frequent ruptures in Mexico.

An unhappy man's voyage through life is a wail-ing voyage.

Some men are self made, a fact which relieves nature of an awful load of responsibility.

A friend who isn't a linguist, asked me one day if I thought *tout ensemble* was anything Dutch in its nature.

A cheap way for many editors to improve their newspapers would be to buy a grammar and study it.

The only way the punsters can have any fun over Catacazy's name is to say he can't climb as well as a cat, a'kase he can't.

Very airy houses are the castles in Spain.

The old ship "Orthodox Hell" will certainly be stranded soon, for at Plymouth church the congregation pay annually $20,000 to Beecher.

Huers of wood are supposed to be house-painters.

One of the largest taxes on newspapers is the ink 'em tax.

The only excuse some editors have for stealing the witticisms of others, is that one should always take a joke from a friend.

A lady in London got the idea into her head that the devil was in her and hung herself. If the women go to hanging themselves for a little thing like that, they are going to be scarce, that's all.

The American boat crew so effectually defeated by the British were mostly dental students. It is to be hoped that they will learn to pull teeth better than they can pull a boat.

Georgia has a paper named "The Cat," and it's motto is, "I can Scratch," which will be good for the "Cat" if the itch ever breaks out in its neighborhood.

You can't tan a dog's hide in his own bark, any more than you can make a novel of his tail.

Condensed telegrams don't come by steam as many might suppose.

Quite a number of expeditions have been fitted out to go to the north pole but they will all fail. They are only the impudent efforts of a lot of plebians who are trying to force themselves into the highest northern circles.

We ought to have some fine native musicians after awhile, Europe has furnished us some excellent tooters.

The worst case of son stroke reported last summer was that wherein a boy knocked his father down with a wagon standard.

In some churches the pew rent is so high that they don't need a steeple.

If back numbers of Every Saturday could be furnished I would order several of those which were so joyous in the days of juvenility, when we used to hull walnuts by hand, and haul them home in a go cart.

They are high livers, those who dwell on the bluffs.

Those who advertise for an "active pushing boy" ought to try to find the boy who butted the bull off of the bridge.

It is often said that a miss is as good as a mile, and if she is good-looking, good-tempered, has lots of good sense, don't talk too much, and isn't too old, I believe it.

The reason you never see some ladies blush is because they were born to blush unseen.

If a door falls and kills some one it is immediately hung without judge or jury.

A hungry hog can beat Bingen on the rind.

Stereotyping establishments have plates enough to set a good dinner if they would.

An actress who can throw a kiss well always makes a hit.

A notorious burglar has been sentenced to Sing Sing for twenty years, and a lunatic friend of mine wants to know if he wont wear out all the songs.

BOSTON JUBILEE.

I played the deuce going to the Boston Jubilee, and that's the reason you have to trumpet when you speak to me. I stopped at the Jubilee returning from Penobscot, and my hearing stopped there altogether. I don't suppose I could get a hearing in court now. I didn't intend to go there, but the train carried me past the place to change, and I didn't have any change for a week afterward, not even a change of linen. The boys said they thought it was a good joke on me, but I thought it was a little too far-fetched. I put up at the Tremont House—that is my "grip-sack" did—my watch was put up at a checkered-front, in fact it has had a checkered career. I got it from a pawn-shop in the first place, and it was in one the last place I saw it. I lodged personally on the stone-steps of the hotel. It was hard to find a soft place except about some of the Boston phrenology. Boston was so phrenzied over the Jubilee that it had lots of soft places in the localities spoken of. A lodge in a wilderness would have been preferable, but circumstances were such that I had no preference. Quite a quantity of people were there or thereabouts, and I was unable to sleep without an opiate; but I called on a druggist and bought something, and was soon in the arms of

sweet Morphine, and didn't ope an eye till eight in the morning, and then a policeman was pulling me about and informing me that I couldn't sleep there. Of course I couldn't, and nobody else could have slept there with somebody jerking him over the sidewalk in the sort of way that policeman was jerking me. As dry as I was I felt like jerked beef. My collar finally gave way, and then my choler rose, and so did I. My first impulse was to strike that policeman, but he struck me—as being too able-bodied for me to tackle, and so I let him off. I always do respect a man's size, especially when he has a good deal of it.

I broke my fast and a soup-bowl, and my last bank note at a restaurant, and then broke for the Coliseum. All the boot-blacks, those shiners in the world's great skillet of fish, seemed to have Coliseum on the brain, for they were continually shouting "cully see 'um." I didn't take an eye-opener, for the sights were enough to open anybody's eyes. The place was easy to find, because everybody and his wife were on the road. I never saw anything draw like the Jubilee. Nothing could have drawn a bigger audience except a good pencil.

I handed my ticket to a taker, and was forthwith taken in—the worst I ever was in my life. My pocket book was also taken in, by a sharp. I couldn't see sharp enough to prevent it, but it may have been because I was a flat.

Just as I got inside, the crowd wilted—myself included—like the victims of a boiler explosion by the bursting of six twenty-four pounders in B flat. It was the Austrian day, and might have been the Job-trying day, so far as that was concerned; but I stood it—had to stand it. There was no place to sit down to it.

Soon they let loose "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." The chorus did it, and it was the coarsest thing in the country,

not excepting Graham bread. All those several thousands opened their mouths wide enough to let the swallows fly home if they lived anywhere in the gastronomic regions. The chorus was too long at one end and it didn't keep up even, and if the swallows didn't fly home and hide in the chimneys they must have had a very depraved taste for music, or else they were frightened so they couldn't fly. Abt, whom no one doubts to be a very apt composer, seemed to be very much discomposed to see his compositions thus decomposed, and remarked very audibly with his countenance, while his shoulders crawled up on his ears to get a better view of the singers, that the thing was a heavy adjective "hoompoog." A swallow and a chimney are very much like that chorus, for they both have a crooked flue.

Shortly after the chorus the jubilee took dinner for the second time that day, as it had taken its dinner—with it to the coliseum, and those who saw the jubilators hiding grub had an illustration of how the swallows homeward fly that would have made a grubbing hoe or a swallow ashamed of itself.

After dinner we had more of the din, and it was gratifying to imagine how many cats had patriotically died to furnish strings for the occasion, and it was saddening to think how many horses tails had been depleted to supply the hair for those bows. It was wonderful to think how much of the cheek of life insurance agents had been used up to get the brass for the bands, and it was cooling to see so many fellows trying to blow their brains out through tuba horns and other tubes. It was sorrowful to see how much of the labor strike was wasted pounding anvils, and it was harrowing to experience the fact that no one could have a horn over and above the horns those bazooists blew, except a few of those foreign fellows would get

as mad as hornets, and couldn't blow cornets without their regular horns of corn juice. They just said they'd be blowed if they would blow for that blow-out without their horns. And how could they be expected to.

The placed looked awfully unhealthy, and they said it took a hundred men each day to clean out the dirt and litter of the preceeding day. This spoke against the hygiene of the jubilee but if you could have heard Madame Pesky Lightning strike the high G once, you would have thought no more of the hygiene.

The biggest thing at the Jubilee besides the coliseum, the crowd, the organ and Mr. Gilmore, was the drum. That instrument was built in Maine, and several ship-builders were mainly instrumental in its construction. It was considerably larger than a side-wheel steamboat, and was rolled over to Boston in the winter time on the ice. It had a whole circus procession painted life-size on the body of it, and the colossus of Rhodes couldn't have stood flat-footed and hit it in the middle of the head. The boy who was hired to bang it, had to go np a step-ladder to do it, and he was a step-son at that, for no full-blooded father would have let his son risk such a fall as he was in danger of, my countrymen. The drum had two heads, which were better than one—this is always the case with a drum, but the rule doesn't hold out all the way through nature—and it had a fine voice for a thunder storm, but it spoke to slow to keep up its end in the conversation, and was a failure for the music, which fact made it a paradoxical success, for like a lucky candidate it will never be beaten.

The organ was big enough to organize a Fenian movement. It was considerably larger than a country printing office, and unlike most of the latter class of organs it went by

steam, which not only saved labor but supplied all the puffs. Its stops were better regulated for they improved the music of this organ, while in the country organs alluded to, the stops shut off the music altogether.

It was while they were playing this organ, and while a brigade of Zouaves were firing away at the anvils with sledges, (not rein-deer sledges, though it did rain dear awhile,) and when Gilmore was playing an accompaniment by telegraph on a battery of forty pounders, in two-four time, that my tympanum was "clef," and, taking no "note" of anything further, I "c"-ized my "staff," struggled up to the first "bar," and in fortis-simo tones uttered in a sort of demi-semi-quaver, called for "suthin', soothin'," to heal the blows of sound.

As the next day was to be the Russian day, I borrowed a quarter by a ruse, bought me a stock of jujube as a relic of the Jubilee, and rushed away from that hub-bub at the Hub.

The "Supes" at the theatre are the kind the Cannibals like—broths of boys.

The best support a criple can have is the staff of life.

A boat should be a polite affair, it always has a bow.

The best suit for the head is hirsute or his suit, as the case may be.

A local editor's notes are generally memo-random ones—never greenbacks.

It is said that parrots never sleep but we have the consolation left of knowing that they do sometimes die.

Jokes fly thick and fast in some crowds but often they fly so high you can't see them.

There is one problem that will always get you into trouble, if you try to solve it, and that is to find the difference between a man and his wife when they are fighting.

An agricultural paper should treat of prize-fighting under the head of pummel-ogical.

"BOHEMIANS."

Gus. McKeat, as he is called in Ireland, and Auguste Maquet, as they spell it in France, a Franco-Irish novelist, is the man who is responsible for christening a certain class of newspaper writers "Bohemians." Not a very certain class, either, since I come to think, but rather, as Artemus Ward used to say, "on the contrary, quite the reverse." Perhaps this Gallic-Celt called these writers "Bohemians" because they are a sort of literary gypsies, strolling from one subject to another; or, perchance, on account of their disposition to compass the universe in their peregrinations; or, he may have had no reason at all, which is often the case with novelists and poets.

However, "Bohemians" are the people who make the modern newspaper. When we except the Stevensian and Pikeonian dissertations that comment so profusely and abstrusely and exhaustively on matters connected with the infallibility of the Pope, the Schleswig-Holstein question, delicate diplomatic points and kindred subjects, the writers of which feel called upon, most unavoidably, about three times a week, to save the country from utter wreck and ruin by inditing a learned essay on "The Political Outlook" or some other editorial lighthouse.

Bohemians never do anything of this kind. Not because they can't, but because they don't like to. It isn't in their line. They are generally city editors and reporters, and for the most part speak of each other as "locals." Often the Bohemian is employed to do the paragraphing for the editorial department, and the clipping. Sometimes on western dailies he occupies at the same time the position of city editor, local reporter, commercial reporter, river reporter, musical and dramatic critic, telegraph and news editor and proof-reader; perhaps attends a little to the general business of the establishment, carries a route in an emergency, and often when the chief is away for a few months, distributing visiting cards in New York, he will condescend to perform the duties of that leisurly mortal. But under all this work no one seems to think that he is doing more than his duty. Nor does he himself, and the simple idea that he may ever, in the far distant future, hope even, to get more pay if he should keep this thing up till the hills begin to grow gray, is simply preposterous.

The Bohemian is in many cases more intimately acquainted with the people, the streets, the business and the "ins and outs" of a dozen or twenty different cities than their mayors, policemen and oldest inhabitants collectively. It is not uncommon for him, within the space of an hour, to be called upon to visit the lowest hovels of the most degraded and poverty-stricken, there to see a poor wretch who is going to his last account, uncared for and unkempt, and to promenade the salons of the wealthiest and proudest and most exalted of the land, mayhap to witness a grand bridal ceremony which starts a fortune-kissed couple along the delightful pathway of a beatified life.

He may stand at a festal board at night, and witness the very waste of hundreds of dollars worth of champagne, which is even wasted when it is drank, (this opinion is not held for very stringently, however,) and before the noon of the same night, hear the last faint moan of a dying woman who had no bread. He may dine with a clergyman, and interview a murderer before the next refection. He may report the proceedings of a legislative body and give in the same issue of his paper an account of the tearing down by a mob of the building in which that body met. The dedication of a magnificent opera house and the particulars of a destructive conflagration may demand his attention at the same time. Sometimes he has to attend a conference, presbytery or synod in a church, and write up while he is waiting, the particulars of a fest or a fete or a foot-race, that took place in a beer garden. He must be able to write obituary poetry, and do it often in ten minutes, while he is overwhelmed with work and perhaps trying to think of something amusing to say about a police-court trial. He must be able to report a sermon and a prize fight with the same facility. He must be a religionist and a pagan; know when all the feasts and fasts of both come, and what they come for. He must be a universal biographist, so as to be able to write everything that ever happened to any individual who is of the slighest importance, either in case of his death, promotion or misfortune. He must have the versatility to belong to any side of politics on the shortest notice, and argue learnedly, earnestly and even passionately in favor of a measure he despises from the innermost depths of his soul. He must know philosophy through its whole range from Confucius to Darwin, be versed in history from Adam to the last telegraphic dispatches, know as much about geography as that ancient

world-shoulderer, Atlas, did, adding all the internal improvements, the changed divisions of territory, and the new towns in Kansas. He should have the moral courage to refuse a rich fool's communication, and enough animal courage to fight his weight in wild cats. He must combine the loquacity of a prestidigitateur with the impudence of a life insurance agent. He must be a stranger to modesty and willing to ask a widow over the mangled remains of her husband, how the thing happened. Above all things he should be able to out-puff a forty-horse-power engine. He should be enthusiastic on groceries, learned in dry goods and profound in hardware. The stars and the stock of the theatre should be his pets and the *repertoire* of every actress with all her fine points on the stage should be his chiefest study. He must search diligently and have in store a fund of complimentary adjectives for use in extolling Miss Squeak's lecture, and he should have the capacity to write gloriously and scientifically on the subject of Miss Squeak's difficult vocalisms in the upper strata.

In short, he should know more than the American Encyclopedia, be able to tell it all at any time, without hesitation; never get tired of working all night, and that part of the day not consumed in hunting a lunch; live off of nothing; wear poor clothes; buy oysters and other things for his country acquaintances when they are in town; stick tenaciously to his business whether sick or well and—be happy.

Seriously, the American newspaper man is overworked, which is the most perceptible reason why many of them, who give such brilliant and flattering promise in the outset, so seldom rise beyond mediocrity in their profession. They wear out physically and then of course mentally, before they have secured anything like a competency that will enable them to

be independent in the matter of work, and before they have even secured the information and learning which is required as a foundation for greatness in letters.

To this rule, like all general rules, there are notable exceptions. Bennett had a physical organization which was invulnerable in his youth, and in his prime of manhood, by which he was enabled to work with body and brain for years before he got the *Herald* on a paying basis. Prentice was born a prodigy in wit and journalism, and was a brilliant scholar long before he was "out of his teens." Besides, his associations with Henry Clay and that statesman's political party enabled him to take his place at once at the head of a leading representative newspaper, while his able ally, native genius, placed him at the head of his profession.

Many of the few other great editors have escaped mental and physical wreck by fortunate circumstance, and it is an undeniable fact that hundreds of the famous men in other professions, in legislative halls and high places, whom we can trace back to the editorial tripod, left it before they had even attained a literary fame coextensive with the counties they did the legal printing for, and before they were worn out.

There are, to-day, thousands of newspaper writers in this country who work their brains more than twelve hours per day, when five hours of that kind of work is more fatiguing than ten hours of the severest manual labor; and, the worst of it is that the greater part of this work is done at night when nature demands sleep; irregularity and loss of which, will eventually shatter the nervous system of the strongest.

American editors of all grades nevertheless, are, as a class, genial, whole-souled and brave, full of varied information, sound common sense, politeness and modesty. A few of them whom this writer has the honor to know are those who are briefly spoken of hereafter in these pages.

GRIT.

A mistake is to take something that don't belong to you.

A friend of mine who was lugging home an antelope ham, said that he had a "game leg."

The shortest thing I ever heard of about any animal, was the tail of a rabbit.

My little daughter wanted to know, before the last election, where the Democrats intended to carry the State to. She had heard some of them say they intended to carry it.

The surest policy of Accident Assurance is to jump off of a railway train when it is under way.

There are enough liver pills in this country to put the nation's lights out.

An Omaha paper says "the last line of stages going out from Omaha has been extinguished." Now, where's the use of extinguishing a thing that's going out."

Our debating society never has settled the question about what Poe's "Raven" drank when it got on that "placid bust."

The river can do something that a toper can not—it can decline.

It has been discovered that the "Round Table" was first a butcher's block; and it is something of a butcher's block yet.

Demon-strate—whisky without sugar and water.

The role which an actor first takes, is a hot roll for breakfast—if he can get it.

If you want an umbrella to do any good, you will have to put it up to it; and it should always be used up.

I know a young man who says that he eats only enough to keep his soul and body together, but his landlady tells me confidentially that if this is the case his soul and body must have a powerful tendency to fall apart.

If you are an invalid and want a change of scene go to the theatre and you will get it.

The worst labor strike I ever witnessed was that wherein one laborer struck another over the head with a billet of wood.

It doesn't seem to matter how heavy rents are, landlords manage to hold them up.

There is one sort of an item a local editor always allows to go by; a runaway team. Such items seem so bent on going that the reporter cannot find it in his heart to stop them—or in his muscle either.

Some editors' scissors make good steal pens.

Looped skirts should be called up trains.

A man has been arrested for marrying three old spinsters and pleads "temporary insanity." Proof of the former should be *prima facie* evidence of the latter

A very small juvenile who had an unconquerable desire to live alone with his aunt, put arsenic in his uncle's coffee.

A significant feature is a bloody chasm over a blackened eye.

An intemperate line might be a tight rope.

It is intended by some managers that when they place Hamlet on the stage hereafter, a scene shall be added in which Ophelia shall drown herself. It is to be hoped that about half of the actresses who essay the part may be furnished with real water and plenty of it.

The most successful spirit-ual medium is an old toper.

It is distressing to see on Christmas day how many people exhibit an outward sign of an inward and invisible spirit.

The Yosemite trees are like an inebriate's boots—full of snakes.

There are some cases in law that won't lie unless the witnesses will.

A Florida jail has been so long empty that it has been turned into a corn crib. It was formerly used to crib the "corned."

There is a man in this city so fond of cheating that he stocks the cards when playing solitaire.

If you want good steady work try to walk a slack wire.

Agassiz says the primitive oyster was a foot long, and some epicures are therefore bemoaning the tardiness of their birth.

GEORGE C. HARDING.

This gentleman, facetiously called "Reverend" by his brother quill-drivers, is at present doing minor editorials, and writing remarkably pithy and witty paragraphs for the "Democrat," of St. Louis. His literary style is rather cynical, ironic, sarcastic, and epigrammatic, and no daily newspaper of this period can possibly get along without a writer of his class, though very few of them are blessed with one so competent. Mr. Harding is, besides, a good descriptionist, an unfailing judge of human nature, an honest hater of humbug, and, withal, possessed of a keen appreciation of the ludicrous. He says himself that he is generally regarded as "a brutal, malicious, unscrupulous, piratical beast; but such accusations are false. I am one who loves his fellow-man—may his tribe increase."

This writer has known George Harding for many years, and he believes that a more whole-souled, hearty and generous gentleman than the subject of this sketch has not vegetated in the boundless West during this generation. Harding has suffered enough by being a good fellow to make him a little careful as to where he shall bestow his liberality and his companionship, and for this sensible people commend every one who practices it.

George C. Harding made his first appearance on earth some time during the year 1829, at Knoxville, Tennessee; but George's father was an old typographical error, who felt better when he was hunting for a better place, a characteristic which nearly all the printers of that day possessed, and which nearly all of this day have inherited to a remarkable degree. So, at the time our hero was only ten years old, we find him trudging along behind a "prairie schooner," which finally stranded in the State of Illinois, where the elder Harding, with a numerous family, took possession of a quarter-section of soil and went to raising corn and more children. George, however, was apprenticed to the printing business in Terre Haute, Indiana, where he worked about a year, when suddenly the elder Harding took it into his head to light up the whole country in the neighborhood of Paris, Illinois, with a "valuable and widely circulated" sheet called the "Beacon," and George was taken from his apprenticeship to stick type on the "valuable and widely circulated." Here young Harding first displayed a predisposition to become a miserable editor by producing weekly and weakly, wild, romantic and terrible stories as oil for his father's flaming journalistic light. In a short time, though, the Beacon "doused her glim;" but George had caught *cac. scrib.*, and, under the influence of his mania, was led to spend what little money he had saved, borrowed and—gotten hold of, by publishing a paper in Charleston, Illinois, until one melancholy morn in 1858, a little editorial appeared in his paper which announced that he had sold the thing out, and that he would be obliged to all who owed him for subscription and advertising to come up and pay up. He wished his debtors to do all this for him without further notice, (which exhibits another preposterous trait in his character); and he

wished, further, that those who did not act upon his suggestion would quietly take a trip to an unmentionable region which we are taught is uncomfortably warm at all seasons. It seems that the parties thus addressed preferred the latter alternative, as George didn't get much of the pay, and hasn't seen those who didn't pay since, although he has been nearly everywhere except the region spoken of. He expects, however, to "tackle" them yet, though it may be "after life's fitful fever."

After this journalistic explosion Harding went to Cincinnati and worked awhile on the "Commercial" as a reporter, but the city was too large for his disposition to rest. He didn't peregrinate enough to get the news. He had very fine things in his department of the paper every morning, but murders, suicides, fires, and accidents were scandalously overlooked, and he "severed his connection" with the Commercial. From Cincinnati Harding went to Texas and was soon heard of as one of the editors of the Houston "Telegraph." The war came on, and as he was "a southern man of northern proclivities," he found it convenient to come up out of Texas. At Cincinnati he obtained work again on the "Commercial" as its reporter at the Kentucky Legislature. After that he joined the army as a soldier and corresponded for the "Commercial" from the army of the Gulf, and worked hard for a commission so that he might be able to resign, finding it rather difficult to resign as a private soldier. In 1864 he achieved his commission and resignation, and went to work as city editor of the New Orleans Times. In June of the same year he began to warm up down there, and as he was always disposed to take too much to heart the slings and punches of antagonistic editors he came north again to cool off and "grow up with the country."

This time he settled down, like a swarm of bees, on Indianapolis, and made honey for the "Journal," "Herald" and "Sentinel" consecutively, and finally started another paper called the "Mirror." This sheet like all well regulated mirrors had a very smooth and pleasant surface, and even the homeliest man could see something handsome in it, although it was sometimes very personal in its reflections.

The "Mirror" was at first a weekly, and as such gained great notoriety under the editorship and management of Mr. Harding, and was finally well established as a daily, but owing to a disagreement with his partners our hero sold out to them his interest. Shortly afterward the remaining partners had a misunderstanding, in which the "Mirror" was broken up and mixed in with the "News."

After leaving the "Mirror," Harding went to work as news editor of the Cincinnati "Commercial," which seems to have been a place of refuge for him, but before working there half a year he accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Louisville "Ledger," and in the course of two years he took the place which he holds at this writing, and where all his friends hope he will win fame and money to his heart's content.

Mr. Harding has written more than his weight in bright, sparkling letters to the press everywhere, over various *noms de plume*, but is better known as "Brayfogle."

In short George C. Harding is a gentleman and a scholar and a judge of—some things.

GROUNDS.

Laura said she "could almost eat" the rural rhymster who wrote her some verses. If she should, he'd be the poet Laura-ate, wouldn't he?

A leopard can't change his spots, but he can make others do so pretty lively if they go fooling around where Mr. Leopard is.

A doctor friend of mine has named his horse Ipecac, because he is so good about coming up.

An editor tells of a very large egg which has been laid upon his table by some unknown party, never thinking that the party might have been a goose.

One case of boots is worth a great deal more than a dozen cases of cholera, and yet it does not cost so much.

A boot-maker always has a soul in his business.

The greatest trouble with self-made men is that they are generally too proud of the job.

Perhaps when the Dundee girls struck for sweethearts it was an indirect way they had of following the advice of Marco Bozaris, "strike for your altars and your fires."

Some people take wine to stimulate their wits while others exercise their wits to get the wine.

A couple at Lafayette compassed joys not of earth. They were married in a balloon a mile above ground. This was beyond peradventure a wedding in high life.

A thief is a philosopher who takes things as they come.

The commonest diet on the Fourth of July is fire-crackers.

Valmaseda should have taken part in the Boston Jubilee. No one can execute "The Cuban Patriots" better than he.

A gentleman in the southern part of the State has been "churched," or rather turned out of church, simply because he indulges in the light habit of correcting his wife with a fragile ax-handle, and proposing to quietly perforate the cuticle of the preacher for conversing with him about it. Thus do we see year by year, month by month, and day by day the pitiable spectacle of rigorous church discipline robbing the meek and lowly follower of the cross of his pleasant and innocently amusing pastimes.

A judge asked a witness if he was sure that Jim Bifkins took a prominent part in the fight. Witness replied that he didn't know what might be called a prominent part but he bit off Bill Jones' nose. As Jones' nasal proboscis was an unusually large one it was decided that he took a prominent part when he took it, and he was manipulated accordingly.

It is said that a certain orator in this city, who has a deep bass voice, speaks from his soul, which is highly probable—the sole of his boots.

There is a poet in this city whose hair is red, but that much cannot be said of his verses.

Greece denies that she has shipped any criminals to this city. Some awful greasy ones have slipped in from somewhere.

A little newspaper boasts that it intends to make a great bustle in the world pretty soon. It will have to be enlarged if it does. Bustles are too big now for it to make one.

A certain doctor has raised a monument to a friend whom he attended in his last illness, and now although he is nothing like "patience on a monument," he can boast of a monument on one of his patients.

Everybody must squat before the Mikado of Japan. He is a squatter sovereign.

It is said that a two-legged goat perambulates the streets of Chattanooga, but that is not remarkable when it is considered that a number of two-legged hogs perambulate the streets of most cities.

I heard a man say the other day that he could "bring an argument to a "pint" quicker than anybody." Perhaps he can too, for I know he can bring a quart to a pint very suddenly.

An old toper thinks that he is not fortified until he has two score drinks, on the principle that twice twenty are forty.

An Irishman who has been there, says that if you go fooling around that old "crater" Vesuvius, she'll make you "lava" in a minute.

No government on earth could afford to pay Dr. Livingstone a salary and "find" him.

James De Mille wrote one of his most popular books in six week, hence he is not one of the mills of the Gods—he don't grind slow at all.

A man named Gunn went off half-cocked the other day, and filled a man named Palmer as full of shot as an egg is of meat, simply because Mr. Palmer ran away with Mr. Gunn's wife, and tried to palm her off as his own.

SMALL PICA.

A PRINTER'S STORY.

Somebody has told us that "the child is father to the man," and I am not going to dispute the orthodoxy of this back-action axiom, though I tremble at the responsibility which rests upon the godless children who begat this perverse generation.

APOLLYONIC.

It is not pertinent to my subject to inquire what other men may be. All the world knows that the printer, in the innocence of his youth, is nothing more nor less than a "devil;" and it is not unknown to many that the average adult product is a true chip of the old block—or, rather, the old chip amplified into a prodigious block.

LONG AGO.

In the modest virtue of my youth, when the evil days came not, I cherished, with other innocents, a decent respect for the art preservative, and deemed its votaries the autocrats of tradesmen. I didn't realize, then, that the same power

that lifts a mortal to the skies, might drag an angel down. In those halcyon days I knew a boy—I fear *he* was a devil—who wrought in a printing office. I didn't know exactly what his functions were, but remember that I always thought he brought away more ink on his face and hands than his employers could well afford to lose. This young typographical error, whose Christian name was Jake, was quite an oracle among us, and often did he beguile us of our smiles as he recounted the marvelous sayings and doings of the printer-men, as we sat upon the slanting cellar-door of my father's mansion. It was rumored among us that Jake himself had been occasionally made the hero of their practical whims—once, in particular, when a jocund typo dispatched him to an office at the other end of the town for some italic commas; but he didn't tell us about this, and I didn't blame him for his animosity against the devil at the other office for letting that cat out of the bag.

JOHN SMITH.

At that early period of my history I shared, with all fools, both young and old, the desire to see my name in print, and Jake, with a benevolence which amounted to magnanimity in my eyes, volunteered to make me happy.

"Of course he could do it. What did I take him for? Would I have it set up in forty-line Pica, Arabesque, or Double-Great Primer Ionic?"

Mystified at his erudition, I commended him to his own judgment in the matter; and that night the faithful demon produced from his trowsers pocket the talismanic type, organized and disciplined into the expression of "John Smith," all securely tied up with a string. The type appeared to me

to be arranged in a semi-up-and-down fashion, but Jake said it would come out all right in print. He told me that the printers stood on their heads when they read the types, but I didn't believe that, even then.

Next day I went into the printing business on my own hook, and "John Smith" adorned innumerable books and articles of apparel belonging the Smith family, especially my shirt. It would have done the soul of Pochahontas good to have seen that shirt. The collar, the bosom, the back and the front, proclaimed my ownership, and I fear the tail came in for a share of the embellishment. I wouldn't print another edition of that shirt for a five-dollar bill. I couldn't afford to lose a shirt then any more than I can now, and I felt that no man, unless he was blind, could appropriate that shirt by mistake. My mother, however, frowned upon my enterprise, and pied my apparatus, thus knocking my earliest typographical venture in the head.

PI!

One fine morning in winter—or it may have been in summer—I was passing the office in which Jake was employed. It was early, and I peeped in. There was my friend wrestling manfully with a broom. He was alone and bade me enter, which I did, and immediately began making investigations. Type, presses, and all the mystic parapharnalia of the craft were duly inspected and handled without any startling accidents. On the stones were pages of all sizes and on all subjects. Jake told me some of them appertained to an algebra, then "in press," and volunteered to show me how the printers lifted them. He grappled a large page and handled it as easy

as I would a brick, in fact a little too easily, as it turned out, for one of his dexterous movements resulted in an imminent deadly breach. I heard something drop, and the ghastly expression of Jake's countenance proclaimed the extent of the disaster. I recommended my unfortunate friend to run away, and go a whaling, or enlist for a drummer in the army, and then I incontinently decamped. Not being of a romantic disposition, however, Jake remained and faced the melancholy music. His Saturday night's spending money was circumscribed in the immediate future, though whether his experiment with the algebra had anything to do with it or not I can only guess.

THE FATAL STEP.

Well, in the course of human events it becomes necessary for my parents, and sponsors in baptism, to place me in a position of usefulness, and Fate cast my lot among the types. I don't know why, but I suppose it was because I didn't know enough for anything else. Time went on as though nothing had happened, as it usually does; and after many kicks and cuffs, and curses, I became an adept in the manipulation of the leaden liars. I didn't sweep out any more nor run errands, and I revelled in my dignity. The boys used to yell "paste" at me as I went past them, for your untutored urchin always associates the noble art preservative with the book-binding interest, in his vulgar mind. But I had done the same thing in my innocent days, and though I fear I did not forgive them, I refrained from retaliation.

The printers in our office were of the staid and sober sort, who would never set a river on fire, and I don't believe they would have tried to put it out if some aspiring youth had fired

it, and but for the occasional visit of a "thorough-bred" from the metropolis of the hemisphere I fear I should have been spoiled in the baking, and settled down into that vulgar, domestic, common-place nonentity, an honest man.

TRAMPS.

All the "tramps" in those days hailed from New York. I suppose they thought that was a recommendation. Our foreman was a queer old chap. He knew a great deal, but not half as much as he thought he did. He'd put a fellow at work on the worst manuscript he could find, and if he proved to be a "stoughton-bottle" he was profanely recommended to agricultural pursuits. If, however, the visiting brother proved to be a skillful artisan he was petted and made much of until the morning after the first pay day, when we were apt to learn that the wayfarer had pursued his journey into the bowels of the land, or, more likely, a mournful message from the calaboose would repeat the oft-told tale.

"THE THOROUGH-BRED."

"Yes distinctly I remember
It was in the bleak December"

When a distinguished meteor flashed across our sky. This illustrious cosmopolitan came direct from the great city. Busy tongues had sounded his praises in advance, and the evidences of skill which he gave us did not belie his fame. He told me that work was plenty in New York, that he had just resigned a "sit" on the "Herald." I wondered then why he left so nice a place, but I could give a good guess now. His costume, too, troubled me. He wore an overcoat which was not in the bloom of youth, to be sure, but good enough for any one.

Beneath it was a summer vest, which had probably once been white. One boot—number 17—adorned his right foot, while the left was encased in a tattered slipper that would have raised bunions on the foot of Cinderella. His tile was of the stove-pipe persuasion, but it was plain that his head was not its original occupant, but a few copies of the "Journal" ingeniously sandwiched into the lining kept it in its place. His eyes were bloodshot and his step unsteady, but there was a devil-may-care tone of dignity in his style that had magic in its impudence.

THE ELEPHANT.

I took a fancy to Tom from the start, and he returned my friendship. He did me the favor to borrow one of my shirts, and I cordially recommended him to my aunt, who kept a boarding house. Saturday night arrived as it always does, and I took him out to see the town. We didn't get along as fast as I could have wished; we had too many stoppages to make. The fact is my friend Tom—as he told me at least—was anxious to know where the best gin cocktails were compounded, with a view to giving the fortunate establishment his permanent custom, and if my money had have held out I think he would have been successful. We had a seven-by-nine theatre in our town, and I wanted to go there, but my metropolitan friend told me that my favorite actors were bloody sticks, and that I should go with him to the Bowery and see Kirby when I came to New York, and so we went and took another gin cock-tail. I didn't hanker after this last imbibation, but I wouldn't for the world expose my weakness to my illustrious friend.

The following hours of that eventful night are a little chaotic in my memory now. I only remember being jostled and towsled in the very giddy mazes of a wicked dance; that sailors of every nation, and wantons of every hue, surrounded me; that they all seemed to me to be frightfully drunk; my cosmopolitan companion kicked up a muss in which I was speedily engulfed; that a robust female assaulted me with a vigor and pertinacity worthy a better cause; that in my forced departure from that haunt of vice, I received a parting salute from a toe, that was neither light nor fantastic, which boosted me into the arms of a friendly watchman, who, out of respect for my relatives and the promise of a subsidy, guided me to the paternal doorstep.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The gin-cocktails had done their legitimate work, and I was as sober as an owl that had never been boiled. Stealthily I stole to my once virtuous chamber, and with trembling hand ignited a lucifer and caused the light to shine. My too faithful mirror revealed to my clouded vision a sight which horrified me. I thought of the fellow who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, and wondered if he looked as bad as I did. I doubt it to this day.

I didn't go to Sunday School next day, but the doctor came and put me together. He had accouched me and was used to me. He told my mother I had been drinking, though I don't think the dear soul believed it. I was thankful that my jaw was broken, as under the circumstances I couldn't be reasonably expected to give my version of the story.

I had plenty of time and food for reflection. My estimate of "thoroughbreds" was considerably reduced by

this little episode. I was not quite sure, but seemed to have a dim remembrance of seeing my esteemed friend hurry into the street at the commencement of the engagement, and I wondered why he did it. Perhaps he was afraid of seriously injuring some of the jolly tars, and suppressed his anger on philanthropic grounds, but why he didn't take me with him was not quite so clear. Perhaps that was the way they did in New York.

INGRATITUDE.

Youth and strong poultices pulled me through, and with a guilty conscience and a sheepish gait, I reported for duty one fine morning. The unfeeling brutes had no compassion upon my misery. The very "devil" poked his incipient jokes at me. On inquiry I learned that my festive friend from the city had "jumped the town" soon after my misfortune. The day he left he borrowed ten dollars from the foreman to send to his wife who was sick. This he learned from a telegraphic dispatch which he displayed with tears in his eyes. I have the best of reasons for believing that the whole thing was a ruse. My aunt, who kept the boarding-house, called on me at the office and gave me a withering lecture before the whole crowd. She informed me that she would call again and that I should pay her to the uttermost farthing, and she meant it. But I didn't.

I KICK.

It was getting warm for me at home, and I took a desperate resolution. I kept my own counsel, gathered together a few dollars, packed my "kista," and quietly stole away. Proudly,

but not without anxiety, I landed at Peckslip, and immediately made my way to the favorite haunts of the jovial typographers. I was a trifle flush, and immediately became a favorite with the "second board" (a numerous class of needy, lazy and vicious typos who never work, but lay for such gudgeons as I was). They all gave me encouragement, though none of them seemed to have anything to do themselves. The skies looked so bright that I didn't consider it necessary to go to work right away, and so, after paying a week's board to a Dutchman in William street, I rolled around with the boys.

"CARRYING THE BANNER."

You may not believe it, but those fellows stuck to me till my pockets were empty, and my silver watch, Sunday clothes, and all the collateral I possessed had "gone where the woodbine twineth." The Dutchman booted me out as soon as my week was up, and for the first time in my life I found myself in a hostile emporium "carrying the banner."

About that time my old friend Tom dropped into town. He was in a hilarious mood when I saw him. He appeared to enjoy my misfortunes; asked me how all the fools in my town were getting along; requested me to send his love to my aunt, and "shook" me without asking me to take even a gin cocktail. But I had my revenge on him in later years. I met him one day in a state of extreme dilapidation and misery, and gave him the price of four drinks at Schnaederbeck's—one shilling. Thus did I heap coals of fire upon his head.

ROUNDERS.

I hustled around and found a companion in misery. We swore fidelity to each other, and each went his way to look for

work. Fortune favored me, and that night I had a home and a job. If I forgot to share my good luck with my miserable friend, I had no doubt he would have done the same by me, and so my conscience was eased. Things went on swimmingly for a while. I got acquainted with numerous "rounders," the narrative of whose haps and mishaps would fill the British museum. I fear a recital of their exploits would not be wholesome reading for the rising generation, unless one could contrive to graft a dismal moral upon the tail end.

I FLY BY NIGHT.

I suppose that every one knows that a cosmopolitan printer, when in his normal condition, is dead broke. Creditors are always hard-hearted. Why, I've had a fellow to stand and talk to me for half an hour about a matter of ten dollars or so that I owed him. This is not pleasant to the victim, and when a chap has to go half a mile out of his way to get his dinner, in order to escape the importunities of these scoundrels, any reasonable man will consider him justifiable in absquatulating. So, one morning I woke up in the Quaker City perfectly solvent. I didn't owe a cent there, and I had no hard feelings against my creditors in New York. I forgave them from the bottom of my heart.

The printer's boulevard, then known as the Barbary Coast, presented the usual attractions. The war was going on at that time, and before long Uncle Sam did me the honor to draft me into his service. I didn't owe allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania, whatever I might owe to its citizens, and, so having no stomach for the fight, and no means to emigrate with, I wrote myself a "pass" to Washington. It worked.

ROUGH ON SMITH.

In the Federal city I came across an old acquaintance whom I shall call Dick. I more than suspected that Dick had defrauded the nation of his martial services—that he had "jumped the bounty" on divers occasions, though I don't think the military arm of the service lost much by it. Dick played a little trick on me thus wise: We were both working one day on the "Chronicle," when a disguised minion of the army put in an appearance. Dick stood nearest the door, and the disguised minion approached him with:

"Is Dick —— working here?" "Yes, that's him," said Dick, pointing to me.

Whereupon the gen d'arme stepped up to your humble servant and said, "old man, you are wanted at the guard house!"

Have you any idea of how it feels to be struck by lightning? I had then. I hadn't heard his conversation with Dick. I thought of the Philadelphia draft, and visions of a thousand Bull Runs whirled through my brain. But my captor was in a hurry, and at the door I was surrounded by a squad of heroes whose sanguinary bayonets gleamed in the sunlight. Sadly and sorrowfully I obeyed the corporal's order to "fall in," and handcuffed to a bushwhacker, who had the bulk of a mastodon and the countenance of a polar bear, I filed down Pennsylvania avenue and Seventh street, and took boat for Alexandria, where we were debouched into a pen that would have shamed the Andersonville stockade, and left to chew the cud of very bitter fancy. Morning came and we were mustered into line and told to answer to our names. My heart was in my throat during that fearful ordeal. I couldn't

have answered if my name had been called; but, strange as it may seem, the name of John Smith didn't appear upon that roll of infamy. I noticed that the name of my friend Dick was called to which no one answered, and thought I saw the point. The sergeant came round and insisted that I was Dick, but I wouldn't stand that. I told him that I was anxious to serve my country but was not willing that my glory should go to the credit of another. In the course of a week or so I proved my identity, when after marching me down a dozen regimental lines and finding that none of them would claim me as a deserter, they kindly permitted me to walk back through the mud to Washington.

As I had surmised, so soon as Dick saw my inglorious exit by the front door, he lost no time in getting to the Baltimore depot by way of the rear. I met him afterward in Cincinnati. He was too flush for a respectable printer, but he "whacked up" and I forgave him. He even had the impudence to make this odious proposition to me: He would go and join a New Jersey regiment into which the science of reading and writing had not penetrated. He would become principal letter-writer and scribe. When the paymaster came around he would write their letters home enclosing the greenbacks. These he would direct to me at Cincinnati and the "Spaniards" would never know the difference until he had found means to take "French leave" and join me. I admired the rascal's implicit confidence in my honesty, but indignantly spurned the idea of defrauding my valiant countrymen. I suppose I ought to have shot him on the spot. But I didn't. I let him go.

I met an old "pard" in the Queen City. He had been

the rounds, and I tackled him for a narrative of his adventures. I "throwed a bowl or two into him," and he revealed himself as follows:

THE TALE OF MY BEARDED PARD.

The straits to which the itinerant, or wild goose portion of the "art preservative," who fly South in winter, and East, North and West in summer, may be illustrated by the following boarding-house experience: The trouble is as apt to stare an honest, though trunkless, typo in the face, as an adept board-jumper. Arriving from Nashville in the fall of 18—, at Louisville, I found work very scarce, and having no Saratoga, I received so many rebuffs from victimized landladies that I had "carried the banner" for several days. At last I became desperate, as also a partner chip I had picked up, and we agreed to start out in search of a boarding house, promising each other if either was successful to bring the other a "lunch," telling the landlady that we were to work that night. I took a street I had not been on before, and went a great distance; I espied a boarding house, which, by its modest appearance and suburban location, I hoped had not received patronage from any printer. Vain hope! I was ushered into a sitting room by the *landlord;* for this I felt relieved, as, in my hungry condition I did not want to look at a woman, much less, speak to one. I told the man I wanted to engage board. All right, he said; what business did I follow; was I a stranger in the city, etc. I told him I was a stranger, and that I was a printer. At the mention of the word printer he seemed to swell to the proportions of a giant, his face became fiery, and he simply looked hideous.

"Printer! Well, by G—d!" he said. "I've boarded a good many of your calling, and, d—n me, if I ever saw an honest one yet!" He then commenced ransacking his side-pocket, and presently pulled out a note, written in pencil, at the sight of which I was much relieved, as visions of pistols for one flashed through my brain.

"There," said he, "read that!" I did as requested. The note ran:

"Mr. ———: I will surely pay you the $25 I owe you to-morrow.

"(Signed) J. B."

The writer of this note was my partner, who had started out when I did to find a house.

The landlord said, "That's a printer! Do you know him?" I told him no. He continued: "That fellow made $35 last week and never gave me a cent!" I told him I had just arrived from Nashville, and that I did not know him, and if that was the kind of person he was, I should take care not to get acquainted with him. At the mention of Nashville, his tone changed, and he melted, as all Tennesseeans do, at the name of their birth-place; he said he was born in Nashville, but left 30 years before. Here was my last hope; I told him I was also born in Nashville about the time he left; I named the street I was brought to light on, which he remembered well; I descanted on the sin of abolition, and the virtues of Robinson County white whisky, etc., until I won him. I took the lunch to my pard, and sat up until one o'clock at night, and then went to my lodgings. It was necessary to sit up late to lead the people at the house to think I was at work. It is needless to say that my partner did not fare as well as I did, as he was well known in the city, and had "lifted" all the available

boarding houses. I succeeded in getting a few days' work, and paid my bill, for which I received the heartfelt thanks of the landlord, who frankly told me that he thought I would "beat" him; but he said he had never turned a Tennesseean from his door, and never would.

While meandering through the interior of Missouri, I became "stuck" in a small town where there were two little weeklies. I went to one of the offices and asked for work, I wished to work enough to reach St. Louis by rail. They had no work. Now, all city printers have a holy horror of pulling a hand-press—no matter how much they may have done it in their younger days. The proprietor of this office told me that the "jour" at the other office was sick, and it was publication day, and if I would go over there the proprietor would in all probability, employ me to work off the paper, which, otherwise, he would have to do himself. I told him I couldn't stand it. He then said if I could convince the other editor that I could not work the press, he might let me set some type for the next paper; and with the characteristic love of one country editor for his nearest brother of the scissors and quill, he helped me to "put up a job" on him. We procured a piece of beefsteak and saturated a rag with blood, and tied up my left hand—taking care to adjust a "stick" into it, so that I could set type, but could not work press, I called on the rival editor. Yes, he wanted a man right away to work off the edition—the safety of the country depended upon the appearance of which—I essayed to work the press. At the first turn of the wheel I gave an unearthly screech. I then explained to him that I had fallen from the cars and cut my hand *exactly* where the pressure of the handle came. I regretted this very much, as I was in need of money to reach St. Louis—the

haven for the present—where every tramp has a "sure thing" on getting work. He took the bait, and I went to piling up Long Primer for the next week's *crusher*. The affair pleased the first editor so well that he added to my exchequer to the amount of $2, the only money, as he declared, he had taken in for six weeks.

REFLECTIONS.

And here let me speak a kind word for the pioneer country editors of the west. Usually he is a printer with a family; he is a city bred printer, and leaves the city reluctantly simply because he cannot support his family in the manner he thinks he should. He leaves the city reluctantly with his treasures, well knowing he is to bury himself for a term of years. If, by delving, hard work and hard living, and poor pay, he at last emerges from the chrysalis of a murky printing office and becomes a full blown legislator and law maker of his adopted State—as frequently occurs—do not, gentle reader, imagine that his has been a smooth and tranquil road to preferment. Far from it! *He has worked* for all he has gained. Having made this stride in advancement, he becomes a useful citizen, beloved by all who know him, and an oracle—to a greater or less degree—in the immediate neighborhood of his home. Very often, too, this useful member of frontier life is not a printer, but a smart, go-ahead half-paid city reporter, generally urged to "go west," by the same domestic pride. All honor to the western country editor!

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT.

The beer in Cincinnati is above reproach, but the Dutch don't give it away. Things had been rather mixed and I was in a strange country, laboring under a pressure of pecuniary liabilities. Starvation stared me unblushingly in the face, and the chilly blasts of approaching Winter sported roughly with my nankeen habiliments. I couldn't go South without a musket, and I never could learn the manuel of arms. Despairingly I stalked into a popular beer saloon one afternoon in October, to rest myself and read the papers.

I had scarcely entered the door when a stentorian voice yelled out, "Hello! Joe, by jingo! I've been looking for you all day," and a jovial looking country gentleman seized me by both hands. "Joe, it's good for the eyes to see you; come, take a drink," continued he. I was about to undeceive my cordial friend when the last sentence struck upon my ear. I couldn't do it then, without injustice to myself; so I cheerfully drank bumpers to his health. He asked me when I left home. I told him I hadn't been at home for some time, which seemed to satisfy him. He kindly inquired about Eli and the girls. I informed him that they were well so far as I knew, and we quaffed a bowl to their health. I dreaded any more catechising, and was about to plead a special engagement and tear myself away, when he launched out "I got a letter from Sally a spell ago; here it is, read it."

Conscious of my villainy I took the letter and read it. The superscription was John W. B. ——, Richmond, Indiana. It was dated from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a town in which I had stopped. I had found out my friend's name, and the place of my residence, when at home, and I felt satisfied that

if we didnt meet any more of our old acquaintances, that I could manage John, at least until he got sober. I inquired about Richmond and talked affectionately of Lancaster. John invited me to his hotel to supper and I couldn't refuse such an esteemed friend. After supper we went to the theatre. Between the acts of course we went across the street to see a man. I didn't like to see John spending all the money, and I told him so. It really hurt my feelings. I had left my pocketbook at home, and John kindly relieved me of my embarrassment by the loan of a ten dollar note. The old boy was getting a little too noisy for the theatre by this time and I coaxed him to go home, which he did, and I hied me to the Indianapolis depot without delay. I respect that gentleman to this day, and no one shall say aught against him in my presence.

POOR JAKE.

Indianapolis is a very good town to go to, and an excellent town to come from. In this town, for the first time since boyhood, I met my old friend Jake. I regret to say that Jake looked care-worn and really he was so starved and emaciated that his clothes didn't fit him, though I don't think they were ever made for him. His head was as big as ever. I am not sure but that he was suffering from the "swell-head." The deep blue shading around his left eye he told me came from a fall, but the boys in town said that the fall was a subsequent affair, and that Jake landed on his back. Notwithstanding his misfortunes I embraced him and that night I went to bed jolly. The next morning I remonstrated with Jake upon his dissipation and riotous living. He

acknowledged the corn, though I believe he alluded sarcastically to one of our old Sunday School lessons about a beam in somebody's eye. Nevertheless we took an "eye-opener," swore off and went to work. We stuck to our resolution faithfully until Saturday when Jake complained of the stomach-ache. I feared it was caused by the greenbacks in his pocket, but I absolved him from his oath for this once, and recommended blackberry brandy. He didn't like to drink alone, so to make the thing fair and square, I joined him.

Monday's sun rose upon a cloudless sky. I awoke from a troubled slumber, and felt in my pockets. Just as I expected; Jake in the calaboose and nothing in the treasury. To cap the climax we had forgotten to go to work Sunday night, and our nails were driven in at the office. I got a reporter to get Jake out of the "boose," and after holding a solemn council of deliberation, we decided to take the turnpike for Lafayette.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

Never shall I forget that dismal march. Night found us on the road and no town in sight. The roosters crowed, the geese cackled, and yelping curs followed us from farm house to farm house. Jake was in favor of putting up for the night in a friendly hay-stack. He was used to it and didn't seem to mind it, but visions of vigilance committees, horse-thieves, long ropes and short shrifts had bothered me, and we pushed on to Jimtown. It was not late, and we knocked at the door of an humble mansion. Three men, four women, and about sixteen children answered our knock, accompanied by the inevitable yellow dog.

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

It had been arranged that Jake should do the talking, but his heart failed him, and I came to his relief. I told them that we were rebel prisoners who had taken the amnesty oath and been released from Rock Island, and that we had been forced into the army, much against our will; that we expected to find friends in Cincinnati. I hope I shall be forgiven for it, but I actually told them that I had been conscripted from a Southern college when I was studying for the ministry. I struck it that time. They asked me the denomination of my creed. I wickedly replied: "Methodist." I struck it again. I discovered that they were of that persuasion, and as I had attended several camp-meetings, I hoped to pass a theological muster. We were invited in. As the light fell upon Jacob's left eye I shuddered. The black was nearly gone, but that indescribable blending of colors which always accompanies the convalesence of a bunged eye remained. It was anything but a Methodist eye. My genius came again to the rescue. I told them that for the expression of Union sentiments, we had been cruelly beaten by our comrades, and called on Jake's eye as a witness. They gave us food to eat, and when we had done I examined their phrenological developments, and told them fearful stories of our campaigns, which I had read in the newspapers. I obtained agricultural employment for Jacob, and received a pressing invitation to stay over Sunday and preach for them. That night we slept in a comfortable bed, and after breakfast in the morning, I went out to see the town. I signalled Jake from the field, and that night we walked into Lafayette.

I WANT TO GO TO CHICAGO.

Here I "shook" Jake. His propensity for a country life didn't suit me. There was nothing that he could find to do, but I left him sitting in a printing office, and meandered down to the junction. I had fixed my gaze on Chicago. A train came along. I couldn't resist the temptation, so jumped into the front car, and eagerly set about concocting a yarn for the conductor. He came at last.

"Ticket, Sir."

I arose and commenced my story. I think he saw the gist, for he said:

"Where do you want to go to?"

"I want to go to Chicago, sir, but I have been robbed of all my money"—

"Get off at the next station," and he passed on. We flew along to the next station, and I got off. It was a dreary place, and just as the train was moving off I got on again, and resumed my former seat. It was a long time before the captain came around again, but he came at last, and gazed at me with astonishment.

"I thought I told you to get off at the first station."

"Yes sir," I replied, in my most innocent manner. "I did get off there, but the man in the office told me that was not Chicago. I thought you had made a mistake, and so I got on again."

The people in my vicinity smiled, and the conductor looked nonplussed. He passed on, to get a club I supposed, to assassinate me with, but he didn't come back, and I rode on to Chicago. I should be sorry to read in the papers of a railroad accident in which that worthy official had passed in his checks.

A NOBLE SOLDIER.

Chicago is a noble city. It reminds one of New York. Something is always liable to turn up in Chicago. I was sitting in a barber's chair in that city, one day; an American citizen of African descent was lazily scratching my head. I was thinking of home. People sometimes will think of home you know. In the other chair reclined an officer of our then veteran army. He signalled a supernumerary octoroon, and told him to go into the saloon next door and bring him some whisky. I'm sure he said whisky, and I looked around at the familiar word, and the warrior, who was slightly fuddled, invited me to join him. Not wishing to offend him, I accepted his invitation. This little courtesy brought on a conversation, and we took a walk together. I am not sure but that we took something else. I told him I was from New York, and wouldn't be sorry if I was back again. "Come with me," said my martial friend, "I'm going to take a lot of prisoners on to-morrow, and I can lump you in amongst them, just as well as not." I gazed upon him with admiration. I said to him, "Colonel"—I think he was a second lieutenant—"Colonel, are you liable to change your mind?" He laughed at my suspicion; said an American soldier's word was as good as his bond, and the landlord filled the flowing bowl. We made a night of it, and ere the next day's sun had reached its meridian I was ostensibly a political prisoner, bound for Fort Lafayette.

THE BROAD GUAGE.

It is pleasant to ride on a broad-guage road. The Erie is one of them. The passengers on that road are all Christians.

My unfortunate position as a prisoner, my blighted youth and gushing innocence excited the warmest sympathy. One benevolent gentleman—may he live long and prosper—promised to see Mr. Lincoln in my behalf, for which I tendered him my most grateful and even tearful thanks. An amiable female of ancient mien, endeavored to cheer me; she gave me a quarter-section of ginger-bread, and two Abolition tracts from her reticule. She asked me if my friends were wealthy. I told her they were stripped of all. She thought money would be of no use to me in my confinement. I thought differently. She wore several valuable rings on her fingers, and I ventured to ask her for a souvenir—something which should ever remind me of her angelic charity. The sympathetic creature endowed me with a lock of her venerable hair. I could have got ten dollars on the ring at Simpson's; he wouldn't give a cent for the hair, but I took it with profuse acknowledgements, and threw it out of the window the first opportunity I could obtain to do so, unobserved.

AN ACCIDENTAL ESCAPE.

Reaching Port Jervis I jumped out to invest my last dime. I patronized a gentleman of German extraction, his hostelrie being the first that met my view. I had scarcely grasped the demi-john when the lubberly Teuton remarked:

"You bedder hurry up; you gid laift."

I sprang to the door. The treacherous train was gliding gracefully along the broad-guage, about a quarter of a mile away.

"Get left! you son of a bologna sausage! I am left."

I've been at Grand Junction, Mississippi, all night. I've resided at Napoleon, Arkansas, and tasted the pleasures of social life, at Julesburg, on wheels, but Port Jervis floored me. I told the station master that I was a political prisoner, sentenced to be hung; that the circumstances of the case required that I should be executed in New York; that it was his duty as a truly loyal man, to give me a ticket to go on the next train. He derisively told me to go to a place which I won't name, but which is said to be excessively warm all the year round, and I censured him for his profanity, whereupon he pointed to the door and lifted his dexter hoof, clad in a number nine cowhide boot. As a hint always was as good as a kick to me, if not better, I departed without further hesitation.

I went over and toasted my shins by the Dutchman's fire, and interviewed him with regard to dinner, exposed my impecuniosity and tried to work upon his sympathies. He pointed to a pile of wood in front of the door, and in heathenish pantomime insinuated that I should earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. Shades of the Know-Nothings are we to stand this? I gave him a look of scornful pity, and went back to the depot. I boarded the next train and took the front seat in the front car. The conductor starts at the back end. He came and I told him the political prisoner story. He asked me if I took him for a fool. I didn't dare to tell him the truth, but endeavored by a soft answer to turn away his wrath. He threw me off at Patterson. I took the cattle train for Communipaw, and once more looked upon the spires of Trinity and St. Paul's.

Now I have entirely reformed. I have settled with all

my creditors including my aunt, who kept the boarding-house, and would not, under any circumstances, have placed these memoirs in the hands of the rising generation, except as a terrible illustration of the effects of learning the black art of printing.

GRAIL.

When a man sleeps in his coat his nap and the nap of his coat are taken at the same time.

A young postoffice clerk who undertook to envelope a quart of whisky at once, has the neat and comprehensive sentence cut on his tombstone, "He never smiled again."

A rustic beauty is like brown sugar—sweet but unrefined.

It isn't recorded that any of the saints were gamblers, but a great many of them got staked.

It is said that Mexico is delighted with her first negro minstrel troupe. If Mexico don't be more delighted at her last negro minstrel troupe history will fail to repeat itself, that's all.

Alexis has sent a box compass to our naval academy. The middies ought to know how to "box" a compass themselves.

Blubber grease on the deck of a ship might be called the prints of whales, but we advise sailors not to do it because this joke is patented and warranted not to explode—anybody.

A great many soles were destroyed by the Boston fire, but not half as many as are burning in "that fire down below."

Saints never die in battle, but they are cannonized after they are dead.

They won't insure Mansard roofs in New York, but anybody in this country will insure you a Mansard roof if you go around insulting people.

The funniest thing in the world is a cat eating taffy.

Chicago bar-keepers persist in selling liquor on Sunday. They don't stick to the letter of the law so much as the spirit.

A boy is like a fat whale just because he's puer-ile, and an old man is like a successful petroleum producer because he's seen-ile.

Not satisfied with the general blowing up he gets from the newspapers, Petroleum V. Nasby has started a magazine.

It is a paradoxical fact that a man may marry a very fleshy woman and yet get thereby a spare-rib.

A Georgian who set his young son to watch a corn-crib with a shot gun, went fooling around to see if the boy was doing his duty. The doctors have since picked a tea-cup full of No. 2 shot out of the old man's diaphragm.

A root doctor says he has more trouble in obtaining the root of all evil than anything he uses.

Darwin has been named by the students of Aberdeen University, their Lord Rector. This is doubtless a compliment to his attempt to rector-fy the descent of man.

It isn't so hard to run up a bill as it is to run up a hill, but it is much harder to "come down" on it.

An editor says, "ask for our pocket-book or anything else," etc. We would prefer "anything else," by all odds.

Some one has written a song, "Oh, why am I unhappy?" It may be because he married the wrong woman, or perhaps because they won't trust him at the saloons. There's no telling about these things now-a-days.

Mastic is a kind of stuff they use now-a-days for brightening up the fronts of houses, and any painter can masticate your house for you now even if he hasn't a tooth in his head.

An old negro got a rising young man in this city to write him a letter, and before the close requested him to say, "please 'scuse bad writin' and spellin'" and the young man wouldn't do it.

Drop a glass globe and you will make a splendid fall opening.

"The Pacific slope"—running to keep out of a fight.

A somnambulist brakesman twisted his wife's ears a few nights ago until he came near "braking" her neck.

The attention is often arrested and without a judicial trial made to pay a heavy penalty.

In telling what the horse disease is the newspapers have worse "spells" than the horses.

A woman who asks no questions is positively queer, but one who does is superlatively the queerest.

The *dearest* people in the world are the Fair ladies.

The fall clothed Adam and Eve but it makes the trees naked.

"Put me in my little bed," is *sheet* music.

The last party who made a "run on a bank" fell over and broke his neck.

If you want to beat something "all hollow" just go to hammering a drum.

Some enterprising individual ought to manufacture a burning fluid from the Isles of Greece.

A man who wanted to be a candidate for constable was defeated in convention, got drunk and went home. He drank a bottle of yeast that was in the cupboard, mistaking it for his bottle with a picture of a gentleman going to Pike's Peak. Now he is rising above such a thing as office-seeking.

There is a terrible, old, bald-headed, toothless, bearish, discontented, buttonless, croaking, cynical bachelor in this city who is opposed to having the girls taught foreign languages, because he says one tongue is enough for them, and more too.

A landlady says that the richest notes she gets are those her canary bird pays for his board.

You can't make your voice any clearer by straining it.

A newspaper man in New York has had his pocket picked. We deeply sympathize with the poor thief.

NOBLE L. PRENTIS.

One of the liveliest newspaper men of Kansas is NOBLE L. PRENTIS, now city editor of the Republican Journal of Lawrence. He is yet very young for one who has gained such an enviable reputation in his business, and he has been one of the hard worked class spoken of in this volume, in the chapter on "Bohemians." He is exceedingly witty, and wonderfully original in his phraseology; is a deep and philosophical thinker withal, and will yet, if he has health and fair play, make the sound of his name ring along down the ages coming. Mr. Prentis has been a soldier, and a good one, in the service of his country on the fields where the sword has proven itself mightier than the pen; and he has been no less a soldier where Richelieu's remark bearing a contradiction to the above, has asserted itself. Until within the last year, Prentis seemed to have a machine for sowing wild oats, and he used it most vigorously, but his harvests and seed time came always together. He reaped the product of his indiscretions almost as fast as the seed fell, until on the occasion of a protracted religious meeting held, by the celebrated revivalist, Reverend Payson Hammond, in Lawrence, he became a convert to religion, and is now a sincere and devout Christian, sowing good wheat that falls

not among the tares. Though earnest in his piety, he believes that long-facedness and downcastedness are no essential proofs of religion; is still as bright and sparkling in his editorial lucubrations as before, and is the same good-humored, hearty, and happy, Faber consumer. The short and modest sketch of his life, given below, was written by himself, after the most persistent importunities of the author of this book, who, as his friend and admirer, publishes it herein with no little pride, as the first biography of one who is destined to occupy a pleasing page in the history of men:

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, October 22, 1872.

DEAR VISSCH:

I have received your request for a sketch of my life. I presume you care only for my history as a newspaper man, and that it makes no difference to you, whether I leave a name to other times, linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes, or whether the "virtues" and "crimes" are more evenly distributed, or whether I havn't "ary" virtue, or have committed "nary" crime.

My recollections of the year sixteen-hundred-and-forty-something, are not very vivid, but, nevertheless, it was about that time that my "paternal ancestor" landed on these lucky shores from England. Of course they said he came over here "to enjoy religious liberty," but my own opinion is, that the old seed came over from an innate disposition to gad about the world, and see what was going on; a habit which has marked his descendants even unto this day.

About as soon as newspapers were established in Boston, my family began to advertise. One of my name, announces

in 1728 that he has a good square article of pearlash, which he trusts the intelligent citizens of the town of Boston will take off his hands.

War is essential to newspaper life, accordingly I find one of my ancestors serving as captain in the Pequot war, where, I doubt not, he made it very lively for the "heathen salvages," and wrote long accounts of his operations to the New York Herald, the St. Joseph Gazette, and other papers. Queen Anne's war, or, as it is generally called, the French and Indian war, because both of those parties got miserably licked before it was over, offered my ancestors a chance to exercise their traveling propensities. In the ancient Connecticut records several are mentioned as recruiting and commanding "train bands," and one commanded a war vessel at the seige of Louisburg. His account of the fall of that place, written in New London, Connecticut, some months before it occurred, was regarded as a miracle of newspaper enterprise. On his return he settled at Groton, opposite New London, where he was "European correspondent" of the New London papers. It was nothing for him to write letters from London, Paris and St. Petersburg, all in the same day.

The Revolution was the next thing that roused the perambulating and journalistic instincts of my race. All the males who were heavy enough to wrestle with the fearfully and wonderfully constructed "fire-locks" of that period, turned out, and stood up in straight lines as "the old Continentals in their ragged regimentals." I may remark that this Revolutionary raggedness of my ancestors, originally a military necessity, has been transmitted to their descendants as a financial one.

Among the rest who turned out and "fit" for the Colonies was my grandfather, at the time a mere boy. After the war he went to the Colony of Vermont, where he acquired two or three hundred acres of the soil of that country, described by land agents as "gently rolling." There he planted an orchard and raised a family, (not forgetting in their rearing, occasional visits to the orchard, for "sprouts"), of seven sons and four daughters. With my usual bad luck I was born to the sixth of these sons, instead of the seventh, otherwise I might to-day be driving a "land office" business as clairvoyant and fortune teller.

As I have arrived with unexpected suddenness at the period of my birth, the "gentle reader will go with us for a moment," while I give some statistics concerning that interesting event.

It occurred on the 8th day of April, 1839, about three miles from Mt. Sterling, Brown county, Illinois, where my father owned a beautiful expanse of raw prairie and a log cabin.

It will be perceived that no more auspicious moment could have been selected for the birth of a budding news-monger. It was just in time for the "hard cider" and "coonskin" campaign of 1840. My father was a roaring Whig, and it is probable that my infant shrieks were mingled protests against pins and the corruptions of "Van," who was supposed to be "a used-up man."

"Time rolled on," and, by the way, how the old thing *does* "roll," and my fifth year found me in Carthage, Illinois, in the midst of the "Mormon war." The shooting of the prophet Joseph Smith I well remember, together with all the horrors of that sanguinary conflict. I have often, in recalling the events of those days, thought of the sentence I once read

in some wandering Yankee's book about Mexico: "War is always an evil, but when it is carried on to the point of absolute bloodshed, it cannot be sufficiently deplored."

About my fifth year I learned to read, and consequently began to take an interest in newspapers. I was about ten years old when the first "daily" burst on my enraptured vision. It was the St. Louis Reveille, and was edited, in part at least, by J. M. Fields, the father of Miss Kate Fields. What a bright, smart little thing it was. It published "Indian stories," funny police reports, and "lots" of items. To this day I have never ceased to cherish the greatest affection for the memory of the Reveille.

Time kept rolling on, and brought with it orphanage and a transfer from Illinois to the hills of Vermont. There, for eight years, I lived, and read the daily papers from Boston every day. At the time I was eighteen, Horace Greeley was considered in Vermont the greatest editor who had ever lived. He had begun as a printer boy and had worked for years at the cases, and from thence had gone on to editing the Tribune. What was easier than to "learn to be an editor," and to be as great a one as Greeley? Put a boy in a printing office and it was plain that he would blossom into a Greeley in a short time.

Accordingly it was determined that I should commence at the foot of the ladder and climb towards Greeley, as rapidly as possible. The "printing house" selected as my starting point in this glorious career, was at West Killingly, Connecticut, or rather Danielsonville, for the place had two names. The paper was the Windham County Telegraph. I acted as "devil" in that office for one year. I hated the mechanical part of learning to be Greeley, from the first moment. I hated both

the upper and lower cases, and every box in both, and every letter and quad, sign and figure in the boxes, and although poverty has driven me to set many columns since, I have always regarded type-sticking, as, for me, the most detestable of human employment.

During my agonizing year on the Windham County Telegraph, I was allowed to cut my own reprint copy out of the half dozen exchanges we received, and later, reporting lectures and "sich" was made part of my duties, in addition to setting type, rolling, and washing rollers, and running of errands, and a couple of thousand others things besides. This literary labor kept my mind in exercise, and also kept me from going to bed too early and wasting my valuable time in sleep.

At the end of one year I bade a respectful but firm farewell to the proprietor of the Windham County Telegraph. His name was Little. I never said to him, "Love me Little," and I don't think he did "love me long." I have never seen him, or Windham County, or its Telegraph from that day to this.

"Time," which I believe I have mentioned before in this sketch, was still "on the roll." I abandoned definitely the plan laid out for me in my early youth, and disappointed all my friends. They failed to see in me, as I grew up, any resemblance to Greeley. It has been my lot to see many people in their hour of supreme trial and disappointment, but I have never seen anything like the mingled grief and disgust which overcame my "backers," when I seemed to have turned my back forever on ambition, and ceased to aspire to glory and Greeley.

The "dear reader," who is doubtless sufficiently bored already, shall not be kept up till after bed-time by a recital of

the events between 1858 and 1866. Like everybody else, I took my turn in the military line, serving as faithfully as practicable, under the Star Spangled Banner, and "long may she wave." Four years of "Star Spangled Banner" was allowed me by an indulgent country. I still take an interest in the "banner of beauty and glory," but it is not of that active character which prevailed in 1861.

"When this cruel war is over" sounded beautifully to soldiers, but when the "cruel war" *was* "over," and thousands of men found themselves turned loose with a suit o citizens' clothes of Hebrew extraction, and a very little money, and themselves perfectly ignorant of any trade or profession, they would have been glad to have had another as "cruel war" break out somewhere. The first six months after the close o the great rebellion was "hard lines." It drove many to suicide—it drove me into the newspaper business.

Why does man struggle against fate? Nearly ten years after I had left the murky precincts of the office of the Windham County Telegraph, vowing eternal hostility to the newspaper business, I found myself proprietor of one-half and editor of the whole of the Alexandria (Mo.) True Flag. The True Flag took the place in my affections lately occupied by the Star Spangled Banner. It was a six column paper, and was set up in long primer, and had a picture of the "true flag" at the top. The office was over a tin shop and the press on which this banner of veracity was printed was the noisiest and most exasperating old rattle-trap ever created. It had as many bad tricks as a mule, and my co-laborer on the standard of rectitude, who was a passionate man, was wont to assail it with curses and reproaches of the most frightful character. On publication days, the hammering of the jolly tinner below

mingled its melody with the rattling and rumbling and grinding of the old type destroyer, and the sonorous blasphemy of the pressman, in a manner truly wonderful to the editorial ear.

I worked very hard on the True Flag and felt very proud of my labors. In time the paper began to be quoted by other papers, and at last, oh glorious occasion, a whole editorial was copied in the St. Louis Democrat. This compliment, together with the arrival of a club of seven subscribers from Stringhalt Postoffice, induced us to "enlarge." Our prosperity provoked opposition, and a paper was started to "break us down."

The "breaking down" nearly ruined the moral character of all hands. For three months, more old fashioned filth was was passed around, than often falls to the lot of the readers of two rural newspapers. Neither party to the controversy admitted for once that the other was human. "Dog," was the customary salutation, and "liar" "and scoundrel" became "household words." As a result, a man, prematurely old, survives to write these lines, while the other party is a miserable exile, practicing medicine down in the Indian Territory.

The True Flag was at last a "conquered banner," and with the price of half of it, I turned away to another field of labor in the town where I had picked up my first "item," viz: the killing of Jo. Smith. The misery endured there for about two years eclipsed the worst days of the Windham County Telegraph. I escaped Andersonville during the war, only to go to Carthage, Illinois, after it was over.

In November, 1869, the two dollars saved from my last venture in Carthage was transferred in the pocket of my remaining pair of pantaloons, to Topeka, the capital of Kansas, and a "bully town," too, where I entered upon my new career

as a news-grabber for the Daily Kansas State Record. The transition from Carthage to Topeka, and the luxury of plenty to eat and wear, did me good; and when the time came for me to move, having lived two years in one place, I left Topeka for Lawrence, my present camping ground, with sincere regret.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

In this hurried manner, Vissch, I have gone over my life as affected by newspapers. The end of the whole matter is, that at the age of thirty-four years, seven years of which have been passed in constant work on newspapers, I have no money, and have acquired no fame, unless it shall come through having my "piece" printed in your book. Had my friends not started me out to be Horace Greeley, this thing would never have happened. To-day I should instead, have been merrily whistling "My Mary Ann," and pounding my knees as a cobbler, or making some barnyard echo with my song, as I playfully kicked aside the obtrusive hog, in order to reach with my pitchfork handle the dark and treacherous mule. Through that early mistake, not my own, about Greeley, the current of my life was changed, and I was forever shut out from the mechanical and agricultural pursuits I have mentioned, and for which the readers of this sketch will doubtless think I am best fitted, and so remain,

Your fellow pencil-shover,

NOBLE L. PRENTIS.

GROATS.

The lays of some poets are not always rejected even though they themselves are bad eggs.

When one can't get the orthography of a word correct he is simply spell-bound.

The contents of two double-barreled shot guns settled a difficulty between two young men in Atlanta a few days ago, and settled one of the young men.

Two lovers sitting in a second story window fell out—but they made it up again.

A gentleman employed on a Vicksburg paper to do minor editorials, threw up his place because everybody he was introduced to was a Major, and there was no field for minor work.

India rubber weddings are expected as the next conceit. There is no telling how far this thing can be stretched.

One of our local dramatists has written a farce called "The Blister." Of course it will draw well.

In consequence of a misplaced switch, a small boy very narrowly escaped being thrashed by his mother.

Fellows who sleep around St. Louis on the Arabian plan, are more comfortable Sunday nights, because the Republican issues an extra sheet that day, and they always secure one of them.

Spring-boards, and summer-sets—in circuses.

The Jeffersonville, Indiana, prison is turning out five cars per day, and the prisoners would like to be turned out at that rate themselves.

A fellow who got full and got in jail was bailed out, but like an empty rain water barrel, he got full again the first chance.

In vino veritas—brandy peaches.

Some children are so bright that it is almost necessary to use smoked glass to look at them.

Bulwer says poverty is only an idea. It's about the only idea some people ever have.

The frost leaving the earth makes the bricks in the sidewalks very loose in their ways, but that's just like a "brick."

You can't make a corner on whisky, because whisky is a "corner" itself.

Of all the seas, the one most spoken of by poets is "The Deep Blue Sea."

The word "state" spelled backwards is "*etats*" in French. You can't expect, however, to learn French by going back on your English.

We should always find the milk of human kindness in the pale of the church.

Dancing is said to be "the poetry of motion." Doubtless the operations of a steam engine are the machine-poetry of motion.

The last cup of a big drunk isgenerally a hic-cup.

"Sure pop"—good champagne.

A fireside tail—our cat's.

You needn't take a receipt every time you pay a visit, or take anything else.

Tell-tales from Utah—Salt Lake peaches.

Because the spirit says come, is doubtless the reason so many people congregate in saloons now-a-days.

A cat of nine tails must be one of the kind with nine lives.

Wishes must be horses in Buenos Ayres, for we are told that beggars ride there.

A man who has a chronic habit of getting into debt, and a very severe and lingering indisposition to pay, says that he has a pretty hard time of it any how, because he has to walk on the sun-shiney side of the street in summer, and the shady side in winter in order to avoid his creditors.

Lyon's Kathairon, Woods' Restorative, &c., have been laid aside since a brilliant genius has informed the world that the best stimulant for the hare is a good, fast dog.

The uninitiated think that all whisky is "wry." They judge from the faces that people make after swallowing it.

Beef isn't as high now as it was when the cow jumped over the moon.

The boot-black improves each shining hour next to the busy little bee.

If you want a feast of the imagination, try to satisfy your appetite by reading a cookery book.

A falsetto voice, as a general thing, sounds very much like a broken-winded jay-bird.

When Samson crushed in the temple he got his own temples crushed in.

A man who took a draught of Spalding's prepared glue, said he did it because he couldn't make anything else stick.

A Tennessee editor called a limb of the law a thief, a black-hearted scoundrel and a liar, for four successive issues of his paper, whereupon the Lycurgian called on the later Franklin and made mortar out of the top of his head, mixing in the hair with a fire-shovel. If such things as this are to go on in a free country, where is the boasted liberty of the press?

JOHN E. HATCHER.

John E. Hatcher was born in Bedford County, Virginia, but removed with his parents to Middle Tennessee at ten years of age. He became the editor and proprietor of the Maury Intelligencer at Columbia, Tenn., in 1851. The same paper, under the name of the Columbia Observer, had formerly been edited by Gen. T. K. Zollicoffer, who was killed at Fishing Creek, during the late war. As the editor of that journal, Mr. Hatcher laid the foundation of his reputation as a newspaper writer.

In 1859 he became one of the editors of the Nashville Daily Patriot, through the columns of which he first became known throughout the South as a humorous writer. His "nonsense," as he called it, which he wrote for that paper during his two years' connection with it, first directed to the gifted writer the attention of the general public. Much of it was republished by the newspaper and periodical press throughout the Union, and some of it appeared in the English press.

At the time of the fall of Fort Donelson Mr. Hatcher was the State Librarian, at Nashville. On that fatal day, or

tchell and T. C. Rainey cite Mitchell the "man
ey" and Rainey said it to Hatcher. N
o "best man" at Hatcher's wedding

very soon after, he fled, with his little family, from the city threatened by the approaching army of Gen. Buell, and went South, where he remained until the close of the war. In 1863 he joined the army of Gen. Bragg at Chattanooga, and served for some time as a volunteer on the staff of Major-General A. P. Stewart, and was with that able and gallant officer during the battle of the Chickamauga—"the River of Death"—where, with too many others, he supped full of horrors. When Gen. Bragg went into winter quarters at Dalton, after his defeat at Missionary Ridge, Mr. Hatcher accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Atlanta Register, which he maintained until the shells of Sherman made the city too hot for him.

The close of the war found Mr. Hatcher in southern Mississippi, whence, upon the declaration of peace between the sections, he went to Mobile to become one of the editors of the Register and Advertiser, where he remained two years, and made many friends. Driven away from that city in the summer of 1867 by the yellow fever, he accepted an editorial position under Mr. Prentice, on the Louisville Journal. That position he held until the Journal and Courier were consolidated in 1868, and became the Courier-Journal, under the management of Mr. Henry Watterson, its present very able chief editor. For six or eight months from that date he was the editor-in-chief of the Louisville Democrat, when he became one of the editorial corps of the Courier-Journal, a position he still holds, and is likely to hold for an indefinite period, as his position is a life-time one, unless he should choose to terminate it.

Mr. Hatcher adopted the *pseudonym* of "G. Washington Bricks" for a temporary purpose, and has long since aban-

doned it. It is but just to him to say, as he has often said, that he is ashamed of the *nom de plume*, and much prefers that his friends would forget that he ever used it.

The specimens of Mr. Hatcher's poetry and humorous sketches here given are selected at random, and it would be unfair to rank them among his best. Some of his more serious poems are much more worthy of reproducing here, but of these we have no copies. He will tell you that there are thousands of men and women in this country who have written better verses than himself without entitling themselves to be called poets, and hence he utterly disclaims that title. Indeed, he has been heard to declare that he would rather be called a horse-thief than a poet—that the most thoroughly contemptible things in his eyes are his own rhymes, not one of which was written but for "the mere fun of the thing." In this characteristic—depreciation of his own productions—Mr. Hatcher will find no one who is familiar with his writings to agree with.

Three of his poems and two of his humorous sketches are here given and are as follows:

TO THE GIRL I SIT UP WITH,

ON HER ADDRESSING ME A GORGEOUS POEM, COMMENCING "THOU OF THE LYRE AND SWORD."

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON BRICKS.

Ah, *once!* but now no longer of the sword!
    I've seen my bright steel's glorious sway depart;
No more may War a wildering joy afford,
    For gentle Love reigns in my captive heart!
He who dares look on thy imperial brow,
    Crowned with the beauty of Italian stars,
At once forgets Ambition's lofty vow,
    Breathed at the shrine of iron-crested Mars!

Inspired by Thee, I sometimes touch the lyre,
To link with love the music of thy name,
And ope the flood-gates of that sea of fire
Which makes this breast a Paradise of flame!—
An Eden-land by Love's light feet untrod,
Till thy warm smiles like sunshine o'er it shone
Where Eros reigns a crowned and sceptered god,
With Thee the Power behind his golden throne!

He who with love a thousand hearts might warm,
Hoards all his wealth of passion unexpressed,
Lest Scorn should gather like a tropic storm,
To break in ruin o'er his shuddering breast,
Feels all and more the doomed Prometheus felt
When chained high on the cold Caucasian hight,
Where wintry snows no summer suns could melt,
And lingering years were leaden in their flight!

Then hear me, sweetest!—bid me not be dumb!
No spell of silence fling thou o'er my lyre,
For Love's wild flame in silence would become
The mocking splendor of Hope's funeral pyre!
Oh, hear me, sweet!—let thy unsullied soul
Drink in the vows I breathe in song to thee,
And thou wilt o'er my suppliant spirit roll
A tide of rapture boundless as the sea!

With passion scorned and vows rejected, can
The soul find joy in earthly objects more?
Ah, then Fame's syren voice sounds drearier than
"The wolf's lone howl from Onalaska's shore!"
And darkness broods o'er all life's brighter things;
The skies seem fretted but with sparks from hell;
Hope, pale and fluttering, droops on nerveless wings,
And sweet Harmonia drops her broken shell!

To say I love thee—it were idler far
Than say the noon-day sun is warm and bright,
Or that the splendor of yon moon and star
Now lends a glory to the dreaming night!
Idler than say thy beauty is divine,
That Eden slumbers in thy gentle eyes,
Or that within those dimpled arms of thine
Lies all the poet dreams of Paradise!

For by "*I love thee*" is no more expressed
My soul's wild sea of passion all uncalmed,
Than "*pleasure*" paints the rapture of the blest,
Or "*pain*" describes the torture of the damned!
So madly do I love thee, that if all
The crowns and sceptres of the earth were mine,
Too gladly would I see them into ashes fall,
To catch one whisper from those lips of thine!

If I without thee could fore'er be blessed,
And with thee should forever more be cursed,
With eager arms I'd clasp thee to my breast,
And smile in scorn to see Fate do her worst!
For if dread Obi at my feet should lay
The golden wealth of all the Indian isles,
I'd cast the heap of glittering dust away
To live one moment in thy heavenly smiles!

Full oft I've known through all life's buried years,
Heart-aches that lingered, pleasures winged too fast,
Bright dreams unfinished, hopes dissolved in tears,
And griefs that slowly, joys that swiftly passed;
But since my soul, borne by unerring Fate,
Sought out thine own, to find its Aden there,
Life is all rapture, and in vain I wait
To know one moment's interlude of care!

TO ——.

BY JNO. E. HATCHER.

I met thee first where dainty feet
Were twinkling in the wildering dance—
A vision such as poets meet
In love-lit dreams of youth's romance.
I wondered why a form so bright
Had left her far-off heavens of light,
And wandered earthward to enhance
The splendor of that gala night.

That hour went by, but left to me
Its world of wealth—a dream of thee!

We met again—'Twas where the light
Of Southern stars lay calm and bright
  On orange grove and sleeping stream;
And to my soul came back that night
  The spirit of its olden dream.
But thou wast far too happy then,
  As queen of all that brilliant throng
Of fairy girls and gallant men—
  Too joyous mid the dance and song—
To hear what I had flung away
Earth's brightest diadem to say!

The morning came, and that sweet dream
  Lay on my heart a shattered wreck—
A proud barque rode far up the stream,
  And I stood on her crowded deck.

Once more we met.—Two wasted years
  Had gone since I beheld thee last.
Thine eyes were bright with joyous tears—
  To thee as nothing was the past.
Thou didst not know that life to me
Had been a wild, vain dream of thee.
I saw thee at the altar stand—
  I heard thy softly-whispered vow—
I saw the ring upon thy hand—
  The bridal wreath upon thy brow.
Along the broad cathedral aisle
  I saw thee pass, a happy bride;
But thou didst see no one the while,
  Save him, the loved one at thy side.
And then I knew I'd looked on thee my last,
And that my long, long dream of love had passed!

KATIE LYLE.

BY JNO. E. HATCHER.

O! Katie Lyle, fair Katie Lyle!
Call from those lips that witching smile,
And hide those clustering curls that chase
Their laughing shadows o'er thy face!

Oh, turn away that dimpled cheek,
Where Love and Mirth play hide-and-seek;
Let those soft lashes veil thine eyes
Wherein so much of mischief lies.

Yes, hide them all—I will not yield
My heart on an unequal field;
I will not risk a conflict in
A field where I can nothing win.

I long have felt—I still must feel—
'Tis not for me to break the seal
Upon thy heart and wake thee from
That dream wherein Love's voice is dumb.

And since I dare not hope that thou
Wouldst heed my love or hear my vow,
I'll mail my heart in triple steel,
Nor fear the shafts I will not feel.

—*I will not feel!* O! lying lips!
Full well ye know my spirit sips
No sweets in life but such as rise
From out the heaven of Katie's eyes!

Look in this heart, O! lying tongue!
Full well you know that it hath flung
Its last hope on the loving smile
Or angry frown of Katie Lyle!

'Twere vain, thrice vain, to take up arms
Against her all-subduing charms;
That proud heart never yet was born
With strength to laugh their spell to scorn.

Then Katie Lyle, dear Katie Lyle,
Thy rose-hued lips may wear that smile,
And still those clustering curls may chase
Their laughing shadows o'er thy face.

As to his god the Brahmin kneels—
With more of fervor than he feels—
Here at thy feet I bend the knee,
Sweet Katie Lyle, and worship thee!

"DAN ABLE'S HOUSE."—A SMALL MISTAKE AND A LITTLE BUSINESS FOR THE LAWYERS.

To the Editor of the Louisville Journal.

LOUISVILLE, October 11, 1868.

There is a little matter which I wish to mention to you, and about which I wish to ask your advice.

About six weeks ago Mr. Yuba Dam, of this city, and I contributed two dollars and a half each and bought a ticket in the Paschall House lottery. A few days subsequently, I called on an old fortune-teller who lives in a small cabin about fifteen miles from town, and told her that I wanted her to draw my horoscope and let me see whether it was worth while for me to go any further. Among the questions I addressed to her were the following:

"Do you see anything, madam, like a tolerably large fortune for me lying around loose anywhere among those Delphic coffee-grounds of yours?"

She peered over, under and through her spectacles, and said she thought she did.

"Are there any surface or other indications around there that a young man of about my size, age, and personal appearance generally, is soon to come into possession of, a valuable hotel, elegantly furnished throughout, and the table supplied with the best the market affords?"

"Well—yes," said she, taking off her spectacles and gazing at me with affectionate interest, "it 'pears that you is."

"And is there anything there indicating the approximate cash value of the property—anything resembling the sum of $279,999 95, with a small shin-plaster in the immediate vicinity?"

She answered that there was something that looked just that way, but she couldn't tell whether it was exactly "them figgers" or not.

Everybody believes in fortune-telling. Everbody says he doesn't, but he does. Take the most incredulous, and let a gypsy or some old woman map out something very handsome for him, lying in his path six months ahead, and he will be as disappointed as the deuce when he gets there and finds it gone. Everybody believes in ghosts, too.

I came to town Friday morning, so as to get the earliest news from the drawing. Yuba Dam had gone on there to over-awe the managers of the concern by his presence, and thus prevent any little swindling that might be intended, and was to telegraph me at once if we drew the Paschall House, or anything else worth talking about. About nine o'clock that night, having heard nothing from the drawing, I stepped around to the United States Hotel to look over the register and get a tooth-pick, when a telegraphic dispatch was handed me. I tore off the envelope and read:

ST. LOUIS, October 9, 1868.

G. W. Bricks, U. S. Hotel, Louisville.
We drew Dan Able's house.

YUBA DAM.

If a bombshell charged with elysian beatitude had suddenly exploded in my breast, my feelings could hardly have been more sweet and soothing. It is true I had lost $250,000—the difference in the price of the Paschall House and one-half the price of Dan Able's—but I thought of my great gain, not of my greater loss.

As I made no attempt to keep the thing secret, it was known all over town in ten minutes, and my friends came

flocking around me by the dozen, and seven of them took me aside, one at a time, and proposed that we should go into seven different sorts of business together, one of which was the manufacture of shoe-pegs on a large scale. An eighth wanted me to lend him $10,000, offering me as security a mortgage on a town lot in Trainsburg, on the Union Pacific railroad, and a tract of land on a spur of Bull Mountain, in Walker county, Alabama—a county that for the last six years has produced nothing in the world but scalawags and bushwhackers. Finally a remark involving the idea of a champagne and oyster-supper was incidentally dropped by somebody in the crowd, and I accordingly, in the name of Yuba Dam and myself, invited them down to Vermicelli's restaurant. The invitation was accepted with apparent cheerfulness by one and all, and having formed in torch-light procession—I had already distributed a box of cigars among them—we went down. Arrived at Vermicelli's, I ordered champagne and oysters for fifty-three. Who ordered the whisky and brandy, and the broiled chickens, prairie hens, fish, and the like, I don't know. I also engaged the phonographer of the Journal to report the speeches and toasts for publication. I may here remark that by the time supper was announced, I was the only man present (except the reporter, of course) who was in a condition to make a speech, and as I could get nobody to listen to me—for everybody was talking at the top of his voice—no speeches were made. At one time there was an effort made by one of the party to get me listened to, by calling out "let's have the speech from the drawer of Dan Able's house," but as somebody replied, "Oh, Dan d—n Able's house—'rah for Colfax 'n Blair," the effort failed.

I retired in disgust about midnight. I had already begun to taste the dregs which too often rob of its sweetness the crystal cup of the rich. I know from experience that wealth is not happiness. Many a time during that tempestuous supper, while vainly striving to be heard above the rattle and roar of profane tongues, did I sigh for the cot in the valley I love. To have upon the end of your tongue a speech that could not fail to pluck fame even from the iron grasp of public indifference and insensibility, with a reporter at hand ready to transcribe it for the world and for posterity, and to find it impossible to be heard by a single ear, is a position which few of us can assume and be happy. Why I was not heard was revealed to me afterward. Two or three of the party read my dispatch before supper, and every one of them knew exactly what it contained. When I got up the next morning at 10 o'clock I read it again myself; the night before I had merely "glanced at it." I have given it to you as it read at first. Here it is as it read the next day:

ST. LOUIS, October 9, 1868.

G. W. Ricks, U. S. Hotel, Louisville.
Withdrew Venable's horse.

YUBA DAM.

It seems that Mr. Venable had a fine horse at the St. Louis fair; that Mr. Ricks, having made a bet that the animal would take the premium, requested Mr. Yuba Dam to telegraph him the result of the contest, that from some cause the horse was withdrawn, and the dispatch which fell into my hands was intended to inform Mr. Ricks of the fact.

But the worst of the whole thing remains to be told. Vermicelli has brought in against me a bill for $263, and, incredible as it may seem, *Mr. Yuba Dam refuses to pay his*

half of it! I assured him that I invited the crowd down half in my name and half in his, and yet, with this fact staring him in the face, he refuses to bear half the expense! If meanness should ever go further than this (though I would not like for you to tell him I said so), it will have to circumnavigate the globe much oftener than ever Captain Cook did.

I've got witnesses to prove that he refuses to pay, and my object in addressing you this private note is to inquire if I can't sue out a writ of *habeas corpus*, or something of that sort, and *make* him do it? I don't know much about law, myself. I would also like to know if it wouldn't be better for me to bring suit in Tennessee, where, by getting none but Brownlow men on the jury, and giving some of them as much as six bits each, I would have a dead sure thing of it?

Hastily yours, BRICKS.

THE BELLE OF SPANISH ALLEY: OR, THE DOOM OF THE BETSY JANE—A ROMANCE OF THE SEA AND SHORE.

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON BRICKS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"See how upon her gallant course she goes,
Her white wings flying—never from her foes!
Who would not cash a twenty-dollar check
To move the monarch of her painted deck!"—BYRON.

O, Love! the well-spring alike of man's brightest earthly and joy, and of man's darkest earthly gloom and despair! or the flame which thou with thine inextinguishable torch kindle upon the altar of human hearts, a gallant bark now

slumbering far down where the purple mullet and the gold-fish rove, would still come home to her haven under the hill, and the novelist had not been called upon to add this strangely thrilling story to the beautiful constellation of American literature!

It was about the middle of the afternoon on the 15th of June, in the year 1867, that a beautifully modeled smack, bark-rigged and painted a lovely pea-green, lay quietly at anchor off Spanish Alley in the harbor of Mobile. Not a cloud dimmed the cerulean splendor of "the beautiful aboon;" not a zephyr disturbed with a touch of its invisible pinion the calm surface of the bay, nor kissed the snowy blossoms of the magnolias clustering on the shore. All nature seemed to have read an article in the Daily ——, or to have taken some other narcotic, and fallen quietly to sleep. The scene was one of peculiar tranquillity. Upon the wharf stood a solitary dray, the horse attached thereto quietly but feloniously nibbling at a bale of hay. It was indeed a time for memory and for tears.

The Betsey Jane—the Eagle of the Sea, as she was fondly termed by her gallant crew—lay as still and undisturbed upon the waters as a painted duck upon a painted pond. Suddenly a tall, majestic form appeared upon her hurricane deck, and, walking proudly to the starboard bulkhead, exclaimed in tones which rang out upon the stagnant air like the notes of a trumpet:

"Boatswain, ahoy!"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered a stentorian voice abaft the mizzen capstan.

And at the same moment there stepped forth a person of Herculean frame, whose garb, consisting principally of a pair of trowsers and a shirt-collar, bespoke him every inch a sailor.

Touching his tarpaulin with the fore-finger of his right hand by way of salute, he waited respectfully for the command of his superior officer.

"Belay the quadrant and report instantly the hour," said the Captain with a fearful frown, at the same time bending upon his subordinate a brow with passion dark as midnight.

The boatswain descended the narrow steps leading to the binnacle, and in a few moments returned to the deck, and, again touching his hat, said:

"Just on the stroke of three bells, your excellency."

"Now, then, inexorable dog, begone!" exclaimed the Captain, with a frown more fearful than the first.

Knowing that disobedience was death, the man turned to obey, when the Captain cried in a voice of thunder:

"But hold!"

And instantly the boatswain held.

"Have you reefed the forecastle abaft the marlin spike, as directed?" asked the Captain, with a look which showed that he was not to be trifled with.

"Aye, aye, sir," was the reply.

"And have you lashed the mainmast to the jib boom and furled the after yard-arm?"

"Aye, aye, sir," was again the reply.

"Then, immediately belay the main-jack, brace the forward davits, and let the anchor be taken aboard and weighed."

In ten minutes the boatswain returned and reported the Captain's orders fully executed.

"Very well," said that officer, "now unfurl the starboard locker, brace the stern-sheet halyards, and head her out to sea."

The order was obeyed with the rapidity of magic, and the Betsey Jane, with her top-gallant hatchway spread like a snowy cloud to catch the freshening breeze, was soon sweeping like a majestic swan through the rippling waters of the bay.

Upon her deck still stood her commanding officer, the chivalrous Captain De Pompano. But the splendor of the scene around him brought no emotion of pleasure to his heaving breast. Alas, within that breast an insatiate vulture browsed upon the once green leaves of hope and happiness, and had already rendered it as barren and desolate as the dreariest solitude of the Arabian desert! That insatiate fowl was the vulture of unrequited love!

> "His life was in the yellow leaf;
> The fruits and flowers of love were gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief
> Were his alone!"

The victim of scorned and slighted affection! Alas! not punches, nor brandy cock-tails, nor all the drowsy juleps in the world, can medicine him to the sweet sleep he knew yesterday! No longer the obsequious lover! but now the embodied spirit of Vengeance! and every breath he drew was the slogan of immortal wrong!

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

> "She was a phantom of delight,
> The brightest star in beauty's skies,
> And all that's best of dark and bright
> Met in her aspect and her eyes."—WORDSWORTH.

Maud Geraldine Fitzperkins was the only daughter of her doting parents, of which she had two. Her doting parents, it is true, had one other female child, but as she was turned of

her thirtieth year and was still unmarried, they had ceased to count her. Beautiful as a dream amid the flowers of May, it is no wonder that Maud Fitzperkins was the idol of her parents.

> Fair as a lily,
> Lovely as the rose,
> Every day her beauty
> Sweeter charms disclose.

The buttercups and jonquils of but nineteen springs had bloomed along her umbrageous pathway, and the frosts of nineteen winters had left untouched their serene freshness. The winds of heaven had not been permitted to visit her cheeks too roughly, and scarcely a dozen freckles marred their alabaster loveliness. Her father was one of the wealthiest residents of Spanish Alley, and could well afford to lavish upon his almost only daughter every luxury the market afforded. Petted and spoiled by the entire household, she knew not the agony of a wish ungratified. Did she sigh for a bait of fresh oysters?—her adoring mother cheerfully handed her four bits to buy them. Did she dream audibly of a new set of patent hoops?—her idolizing father instantly drew forth a dollar and a half and told her to go and get it. Did she order her embroidered skirt to be starched and done up for a pic-nic excursion to Frascati?—her worshiping sister immediately put the iron to the fire. In short, there was no endearing tenderness that wealth could purchase that was not lavished upon the petted and spoiled Maud Fitzperkins—the belle of Spanish Alley.

Such was the heroine of our story at the time the gallant Betsy Jane shook her sails to the breeze on the memorable 15th of June, 1867. In gazing upon her peerless loveliness well might the poet exclaim—

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, hath flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
You'll find me out here alone,"

for to meander through beds of odoriferous flowers, sparkling with crystal dew and kissed by the enamored beams of the rising sun—to wander thus and then with a being of such radiant beauty were indeed a touch of happiness beyond the bliss of dreams.

"Such was Maud Fitzperkins—
Such around her shone
The many traits of loveliness
Possessed by her alone."

But let us enter the splendid mansion in which she sweetly dwells and observe in what manner she gracefully squanders the golden hours upon this beautiful spring morning. Upon our finger we place the ring of Gyges, or, in the absence of that, we invoke the aid of Asmodeus, and enter unseen and unannounced. Sweet, delicious privilege of the romancist, thus to invade at will the sacred penetralia of unsuspecting loveliness!

Upon a couple of chairs near the window of a gorgeous boodwor reclines *la belle* Maud, loveliest she among the lovely. Her dove-like eyes, suffused with tender tears, are bent with inexpressible intentness upon the fascinating pages of one of Beadle's dime novels. Leaving her lost in the bewildering spell of romance, let us look around upon this apartment, furnished with more than oriental splendor. Upon a mantle-piece ingeniously painted in imitation of charcoal stands a comparatively antique clock framed in pure mahogany, a birth-day present from her adoring father, who at a gift enterprise

paid his dollar and took his choice. On either side of this wonderful piece of mechanism stands a vase of Anglo Saxon china, the dark brown hue of whose gilding attests its purity. From each of these priceless vases droops a magnolia blossom which Maud's own fair hands gathered during her last visit to Choctaw Point. On an elegant what-not—but why attempt to describe the innumerable articles of virtu and brickbattery scattered around with such lavish profusion—or the couch with its rose-hued mosquito-drapery—the dainty but coquettishly soiled night-cap, with its trimming of almost genuine cluny lace, hanging upon the bed-post—the sea-island hose lying beneath the couch and bearing that indescribable hue which breathes an unanswerable argument in favor of that necessary evil, the laundress—the empress trail hanging behind the door, with its elliptic springs gleaming through their abraded covering? Why note these exquisite evidences of taste, opulence and refinement, which all may describe, but which only the hand of genius can adequately imagine? Nor shall we attempt a description of the elegant wardrobe of the charming Maud. Suffice it to say, it is all that painting can express or youthful mantua makers fancy when they love. Her *recherche* robe of pink mouslin de Merrimac, worn without belt, hoop or collar, and open at the back to give full play to the emotions with which her gentle breast is filled by the thrilling page over which her dewy eyes wander, lighting it up with their own subdued splendor; her raven hair, partly held in place by a dark comb ornamented with rows of vitreous pearls, and partly standing on end in affright at the terrors depicted in the volume before her; her full-orbed waterfall, which she has not donned to-day, and which the playful kitten

is romping upon the hearth; these things we shall leave to the imagination of the reader.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

She never had in love been crossed,
Who let this foolish maxim fall:
"'Twere better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."—FANNY KEMBLE.

At the conclusion of the last chapter we left the peerless Maud Fitzperkins seated at the window of her gorgeous boudoir, reading the latest novel. As the gentle creature thus sat and read the story of love and romance, seemingly unconscious that she was herself beloved—wildly, passionately beloved—and must ere long become the subject of the most wonderful of romances, the door of her chamber turned noiselessly upon its hinges, and her sister—a sweet, gushing, full-blown rose-bud of thirty summers, though carefully kept in the back-ground, as if

"——born to blush unseen
And waste her sweetness on the kitchen air,"—

the door, we say, turned, etc., and the sister of Maud entered the room, bearing in her hand a card.

Upon that card was inscribed the name of Captain de Pompano!

Maud cast an imperious glance at the name and exclaimed with that petulance which is so winning in the maid and charming in the wife:

"My goodness gracious me! I do wonder what that fellow's come back here for? He's a fool if he thinks I'm going to have *him*."

"O Maud! he's *such* a *nice* fellow!" said her sister; I'm sure if he were to come to see *me*"—

"To see *you!*" and the willful young beauty burst into a fit of silvery laughter, which was distinctly heard around the next block. "The *idea* of a gentleman coming to see *you!*" and again the flood of silvery laughter deluged the whole neighborhood. In the midst of it, Gloriana—for such was the ridiculous creature's name—silently turned and left the apartment.

Maud at once laid aside her book, and, having kicked the kitten across the room and adjusted her waterfall, she threw herself gracefully into her hoops, and descended to the parlor.

Full well knew the Belle of Spanish Alley that Capt. de Pompano had come to pay her the highest compliment that a man can pay to woman—that he had come to offer her his heart and hand. Why, then, did she enter the parlor with a cloud upon her peerless brow and a smile of scorn upon her crimson lips? Because her lily finger was already zoned by the engagement ring of another!

Capt. de Pompano was at no loss for words to declare his passion. He was a man of poetic temperment and extraordinary memory. His declaration had been cut and dried for the occasion, and now lay coiled upon the end of his tongue like a string of many colored beads. Man in such moments is prone to forget all he intended to say; but Capt. de Pompano, ever distinguished for his presence of mind in peril's darkest hour, was complete master of the situation. Advancing to meet the lovely Maud as she walked proudly into the room, he took her by the hand, and, kneeling upon the magnificent two-ply carpet, he thus addressed her:

"Beautiful Maud—star of my life! perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee, and when I love thee not chaos has come again! Speak but one word of hope and lift me to the seventh heaven of terrestial happiness. Alas, those eyes beam not with the tender light of answering love, and those ruby lips speak only the inarticulate eloquence of scorn! Maud—Maud! cruel, cruel Maud! Oh, drive me not to despair! Tell me at least that your heart is free, and the sweet assurance will give me life!"

For some moments the gentle Maud could not speak. Her emotions were too numerous. Never had she read in any novel a more beautiful declaration of love than that she had just heard. Of course she was not aware that Captain de Pompano had paid the author of this story five dollars for writing it. It sounded so much like a delicious romance that she was tempted to forget her vows to another and answer him "tear for tear, and sigh for sigh." But she speedily mastered the weakness and was herself again.

"You'd just as well get up and take a chair, Cap'n," she at last said; it's no use talking; you've come the day after the feast."

"Then you love another?" exclaimed Capt. de Pompano, springing to his feet, while streaks of chain-lightning flashed from his flaming eyes.

"I do," murmured the frightened girl, as she blushingly owned the soft impeachment.

"And are engaged to him?"

"I am."

"And his name is——."

"Captain O'Groupa of the Martha Ann."

"Then, by all the saints, the perfidious O'Groupa dies!"

With a wild and piercing scream, the stricken girl fainted and fell with her exquisite feet in the grate, and her lovely head in a spittoon. Clearing the house at a single bound, having paused but to kick away the spittoon and adjust a stray hoop or two, Capt. de Pompano rushed frantically down the street, and, dashing into "The Sailor's Repose," called for a claret punch.

The heart-broken lover was about to drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl!

Alas! how often are we called upon in this weary world to witness such scenes! how often do we see youth and genius squandering in the whirl of despair his inestimable postal currency for the intoxicating beverage!

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

No more shall feel the Captain's tread,
  Nor sail the watery main;
The harpies the Martha Ann
  Have plucked the Betsy Jane.—[O. W. HOLMES.

The conclusion of the first chapter saw the white-winged Betsy Jane plowing her way "o'er the dark waters of the deep-blue bay," as the poet tastefully observes. Upon her quarter-deck stood the unhappy De Pompano, for whom Hope had ceased to smile, and o'er whose wounded spirit fell Despair brooded like a demon dark as Erebus! As he strode the deck his brow indicated a breast swept by a tempest of thought too deep for tears! Ever and anon his eagle glance wandered, like an electric flash, far across the murmuring waves.

"If the log lie not," he at last muttered in a hoarse whisper, "we are nearing the mouth of Dog River. If the

accursed hound is to return to the city to-night, it is high time he had left the shore."

Suddenly the man at the masthead announced a sail in sight.

"In what quarter?" cried Captain De Pompano, while a fresh conflagration seemed to rage in his dark eyes.

"To the windward, abaft the head-light," was the reply.

Captain De Pompano turned and gazed eagerly in the direction indicated. He instantly recognized the Martha Ann by the saucy cut of her jib. The recognition seemed to transform him into a maniac demon. Dashing his spy-glass against the scupper and flinging his hat overboard, he sprang into the rigging with the bound of an enraged tigress, and, running up the mainmast hand over hand, unfurled the black flag and nailed it to the top-gallant yard-arm! Then descending the mast with the rapidity of a thunderbolt, he seized his meerschaum and fiercely piped all hands upon deck.

When the crew, consisting of the boatswain, the cook, and the chambermaid, had assembled at the startling call, Captain De Pompano, with nostrils dilating and eyes aflame, pointed to the ebon ensign floating darkly above them, and hoarsely exclaimed:

"Behold ye yonder flag?"

"We do, we do!" shouted the crew in one voice.

"And do you see HER?" exclaimed the captain in a voice of thunder, pointing to the Martha Ann, which came dashing on not a hundred yards distant.

"We do, we do!" again cried the crew, enthusiastically.

"Then clear the deck for action and go for her!" exclaimed the captain in a voice of seven-fold thunder, at the same time seizing a one-ounce howitzer (of the Captain Grant

pattern) and firing a bunch of grape-shot across the bow of the enemy, thus creating a terrific commotion on her deck.

Captain O'Groupa, hurrying on the wings of love to Maud and matrimony, had no cause to anticipate a hostile collision with his rival, the impetuous commander of the Betsy Jane, but his frequent encounters with the pirates which infest the bay had taught him the necessity of being constantly prepared for any emergency. He saw the Betsy Jane unfurl the black flag—he heard the pattering thugs of the grape-shot as they plunged into the bay—and his oracular and prophetic soul told him that another death-struggle was at hand! To snatch off his shirt, to bring it in contact with the character of a "Southern Loyalist" he happened to have on board, and to nail it to the jack-staff as a substitue for a black flag, was but the work of a moment. Then instantly furling his jib-boom and belaying his larboard scuppers, he ran up the union-jack to keep the gangway from going by the board, and having unlimbered his hog chain and double-shotted his gun-room, he lashed himself to the main-brace of the forward poop, and calmly awaited the coming struggle.

He did not have long to wait!

In much less time than we have taken to describe this thrilling scene the Betsy Jane, whose fiery soul was in arms, and evidently eager for the fray, dashed up alongside the Martha Ann, and the terrible conflict began! With unerring precision the crew of each vessel threw their grappling-irons simultaneously, and the velocity of the one vessel overcoming that of the other (for they were sailing in opposite directions), they suddenly came to a stand-still.

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Such was the doom of the Betsey Jane.

Reader, my story is ended. If I have succeeded in implanting in one youthful breast a love for the pure, the beautiful, and the good, or in banishing therefrom a single desire to engage in naval pursuits, I shall feel amply repaid for the midnight oil I have consumed.

It is not only as a poet and humorist that John E. Hatcher is distinguished, but as a paragraphist he is perhaps unrivalled, since the death of Mr. Prentice. His paragraphs are more generally copied than those of any other newspaper writer in the United States.

Mr. Hatcher is unquestionably a man of genius, and withal one of the most lovable and honorable of men.

Hatcher was a genial, lovable character; voluble, fluent, & good-natured. The examples of his wit recorded here are about as the average - are remarkable in no way exce[illegible] their absurdity. He is at worst better with them "risch"

PHILIP HENRY THOMAS.

The subject of this sketch, who is yet here, shows to what lowly and humble straits a man of peculiar genius may descend. Not to put too sharp an end on it, Philip is a living, sentient exemplification of a being always embarrassed by debts of his own contraction. If we may believe the occasional notices given him by his contemporaries of the quill, he is a genial, whole-souled fellow—and in that last compound the reader will discover, perhaps, the conundrum's solution—for is not a W. S. fellow fond of liquid entertainments, and do not these bring him ever in debt?

But let that pass for the opening chorus.

Philip's paternal progenitor was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and his maternal first cause was a Missouri Peuque. Happy conjunction! Thrifty pap, and rustic mam. Another delectable feature! Father a carpenter, mother a milkmaid. The one a citizen, and the other a rural lass. Alas!

His father took his kit of tools upon his back, bade adieu to the stone barns and large horses of his Adams county home and "went west." Saint Louis liked him, and he camped. He propelled his plane, and on Sundays restored buttons, and collected the rents upon his garments. History does not

record how he became acquainted with his wife. The reader of this narrative must be content to know it came to pass, and some ten miles out of the dirty city on the Mississippi's west bank, did our hero's future father woo and win our hero's future mother. Philip's notes of this period are dim and meager. In fact, he frankly confesses that he was in the dark, absolutely.

Exactly a year to the day from the marriage ceremony, performed by an aged divine, wearing a gold collar-button and a long beard, our hero was ushered into being.

* * * * * * * *

We pass over briefly his colics, his measels, his mumps, his thumps, his fallings down stairs, and again take him at his first school. Here he incurred his first debt. Here he fell in love with Caroline Hart, a cross-eyed, red-haired girl of six years. Phil. was half-past five. Together they built mud-pies, played tit-tat-to, and otherwise gushed into mutual admiration, until a new scholar came, who told riddles, and the Hart heartlessly said she'd had her fill of Phil. What boots it to linger over adolescent details. Let us hasten on to the era, when our hero put on his first long-tailed coat, and made his debut as a sub-freshman in a Presbyterian college, having been crammed with *hic haec hoc*, and Crosby's Greek lessons, for this purpose. His career in college was a succession of scrapes, ill-learned tasks, occasional sprees, the usual flirtations with seminary girls, and the plighting of his troth with a pudgy divinity in short dresses, with a pug nose and carroty hair. *En passant*, we may remark that they were true to each other until Phil. had climbed into his Sophomore year. The exigencies of fortune compelled him to abandon a collegiate education, and Sophronisba roped in another fellow, per consequence.

We come now to the critical period of his life. The rage for writing possessed him, and the accidental acceptance of a bit of his campaign doggerel by the Metropolitan Record, of New York, decided his future life. He wrote and wrote, and as he was paid nothing for his articles, we are fain to think he desired fame. At this time Philip was in his eighteenth year, and, personally, was a short, light-haired fellow, with a chronic habit of tobacco-chewing. Penniless he was certainly, for he always owed somebody. Accidentally, he sent a short humorous sketch to the St. Louis Home Journal, and this hebdomadal, affecting to see talent in its author, offered him a situation as assistant editor. He accepted, and for two years toiled upon the sheet. His province was city news, dramatic puffs, mailing clerk, proof reader, adapter of manuscript, and so forth. Poets who were halt in their versification were consigned to his hands to be reconstructed, and the little inaccuracies of story tellers were gently corrected by him. The salary was nothing to speak of, and Philip, when he "severed his connection" with the sheet, was somewhat in debt to sundry tradesmen and his washerwomen. We next find his pencil working up the local items in Kansas City, upon the democratic sheet, The Times. For reasons best known to themselves he and his employers dissolved partnership, and Phil. wandered back to St. Louis.

In this city he became a special local on the Democrat for a couple of weeks. Subsequent to which we find him working upon the Journal of Commerce, Kansas City, in conjunction with Val. W. Reilly and another man. This engagement lasted until July, 1871, when, being heavily in debt, Thomas skipped off one dark night on the western bound Kansas Pacific train, intending to recuperate his finances. His

money was scarce, and he tarried at Wamego a while. Here he edited the Wamego Republican through two issues; made preparations for a minstrel show, to which he had gathered all the local talent; and at the last moment, finding that he was sure to lose money, left the little railroad station surreptitiously, with $2.00 in his pocket. That sum of money goes not far on a Kansas railway, and he was compelled to debark from the train at a way station, seventy miles west of Kansas City, whither he wished to go. Perforce, he walked. The way was hot and dusty, and houses far apart. He met and passed trains, and footsore and tired walked into Topeka the second night. Here, with a solitary nickel, he purchased a bridge ticket, and having had nothing to eat for two long, weary days, went up into the town proper. Too proud to ask his brethren of the quill for succor, he concealed his real condition from the Record folks, whom he called upon. He, however, slept on a pile of newspapers that night, and bright and early in the morning, still hungry, trudged eastward to the city at the Kaw's mouth. He reached Lawrence late in the day, having stayed his hunger at noon with an onion patch he encountered. At a poor farm house, just out of the town, he met friendly people, who gave him to eat, and let him sleep in a wagon box outside the fence. Arrived in Lawrence next day, he met an acquaintance on the Standard from whom he borrowed a V, and more comfortably did he finish his journey to Kansas City.

We will briefly pass over his trip to St. Louis on a free pass, furnished by a friend; his loafing at this city for weeks, his final acceptance of work on the Home Journal, and his quitting it after two weeks, for an engagement tendered him by the Gazette, of Little Rock, Arkansas.

The first day of November, 1871, witnessed his arrival in the City of Roses—a dull burg for news, but destined to be an important city of the Southwest.

The Gazette is a daily paper, which was first published in 1819, and which is strongly Democratic. Mr. Thomas came to it, ripe with experience, and soon made his mark upon its local columns by his new-fashioned ways. The local news had been neglected to a great extent, and by his efforts he infused a new life into the last page. However, as is generally the case, the business manager had a limit upon composition, and when the compositors had "stuck" a certain number of thousand per day, the forms were closed. In this way Philip was often chagrinned to find his pet articles left out, and minor matters, which had been written earlier in the day, given undue prominence. After working two months on the Gazette, we next find our hero employed on the Republican of Little Rock—the official paper. Here he was allowed unlimited space, and his employers, having suffered previously from inexperienced local editors, and recognizing his talent, gave him a *carte blanche* in the matter of writing up sensations, and the routine matter. Philip took charge of the city columns on the first of January, 1872, having left the Gazette the day before, and, when this sketch was written, was still "grinding up slush"—to use a technical expression—for the Republican.

Throughout the routine of his newspaper engagements, Mr. Thomas has written a number of humorous sketches for literary papers; has ventured several times into poesy, and has manufactured two or three novels, which were favorably criticized by literary friends. At present, he confines himself

strictly to business, and though already thirty years of age, promises to hang on somewhat longer than the average editor, and will be heard from by the world more conspicuously than he can be in the pages of this little volume.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

APOLOGETIC.

In writing of this illustrious poet, editor and wit, this author desires to be pardoned for saying that he knew him intimately; that he was a long time his amanuensis, and afterward a member of his editorial staff. He makes himself guilty of this piece of seeming egotism in order to show that when he writes of Mr. Prentice he does so from a personal knowledge of the man, and consequently from a favorable standpoint.

In attempting to pay his little tribute to the memory of this great man, the author feels his impotence, and that a wish for the ability to tell in words the wonders of Prentice's versatile genius would not only wear a selfish tinge, but would seem a grasping at the mantle he wore himself. He was an intellectual giant, whose grand natural powers were strengthened like steel and brightened like burnished gold, by an education as perfect as the broad land afforded.

HIS YOUTH.

George Dennison Prentice was born on the 18th day of December, 1802, at Griswold, Connecticut, and from the moment that he could evince any trait of character whatever,

accursed hound is to return to the city to-night, it is high time he had left the shore."

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he displayed a disposition to greedily devour everything in the way of learning that came in his reach, and thus acquired at an early age knowledge in the most difficult and complicated branches. He could read and write at four years, and at fifteen was a marvelously good Greek and Latin scholar. He was poor, and taught a district school, in order to obtain money to pay the expenses of a collegiate course, which he obtained at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, and graduated in 1823. It was his intention to be a lawyer, and he studied the legal science and was admitted to the bar, but Fate turned him toward literature, and in that firmament he shines as "a bright, particular star." In 1828 he started the New England Review, and at once attracted attention for the terse, epigrammatic force of his style, and its incisiveness. Two years later, he resigned the charge of the Review to John Greenleaf Whittier, that sweet poet, whose charming rythmical productions have touched so many hearts with their tenderness and simplicity.

IN KENTUCKY.

Mr. Prentice then came to Kentucky to write the biography of Mr. Clay—noble and grand old Harry of the West. He commenced his work at once, and went with Mr. Clay to the Olympian Springs, a delightful retreat in the mountain fastnesses of the once "Dark and Bloody Ground"—now no longer so, but a land as beautiful as a poet's dream, and the home of gallant men, pretty women and fast horses.

In this mountain retreat Mr. Prentice did the most of his writing. He used to often wander into the forest with his manuscript paper in one hand, and a shot gun in the other, and write where he would feel inspired by the pure air and the

beauties of nature, varying the monotony of his work with a shot now and then at some object of game. On one occasion he had seated himself in a favorite place at the foot of a huge chestnut tree, where a spring of cool and limpid water gurgled up; his gun standing against the tree on the opposite side, and was busily engaged writing, when a man—one of the natives—an overgrown specimen of the Jackson Democracy, with rifle in hand, approached to within a few steps, halted and demanded the stranger's name. Prentice gave the required information in a very friendly tone. Whereupon the man said, "You're writing Clay's life, aint you?" "Yes," said Prentice. "Well, I want you to write mine," said the intruder, in a very insolent tone, looking threateningly, first at Prentice and then at his rifle, "and I want you to do it quick, too." Suddenly, Mr. Prentice reached behind the tree, and snatching his gun had it instantly presented, full cocked, right in the face of his rude visitor, remarking as he did so: "I won't write your life, but I'll take it for you if you don't leave here very quickly!" The astonished man began to apologise, saying that he was only joking and the like, and it is barely necessary to add that he left.

The biography of Mr. Clay, a very fine book, containing beside the life of that illustrious statesman a well written exposition of the principles of the Whig party, was completed within a few months, and in November, 1830, Mr. Prentice took charge of

THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL,

a newspaper which had been started by the Whig party for him, and he was soon in the very fiercest part of a political battle, and hand to hand with Shadrack Penn, the editor of the

Louisville Advertiser, and the acknowledged champion of the Democratic party in Kentucky. Penn's friends expected him to shiver Prentice's lance in the onset, "but the youthful stranger," says Mr. Griffin, his biographer, "did not hesitate to to engage his veteran antagonist. He gave an admonitory warning, however, announcing that while he did not desire strife he was ready for it, and said that his editorial quiver was armed with quills of all sizes, from those of the humming-bird to those of the eagle. The war began and was waged for eleven years, and those who remember the fierce encounters of these two knights of the quill will have no difficulty in realizing the fact that there were giants in those days. Mr. Prentice became famous throughout the world. The remarkable purity of his diction, his wonderful versatility of expression, by which he was enabled to use the same thing over and over again and never twice alike, the attic salt of his wit, the torturing power of his irony, his satire and sarcasms, the terse epigrammatic force which enabled him to often overthrow his adversary in a single sentence, were too much for Penn and he left the city, but they separated good friends, and when Penn took his departure for St. Louis the tribute Mr. Prentice paid him was so grand and touching that it is difficult to conceive of anything more beautiful."

SCRIVENER'S CRAMP.

Mr. Prentice was such a hard worker that by excessive writing he brought upon himself, in 1840, a disease called Scrivener's Cramp. It so afflicted his hand that when he attempted to write his pen would fly from him as though some one had struck it, though he could handle anything else beside a writing instrument as well as any one. All sorts of remedies

two writers flourished in my day-
humorous and friends with the public

and contrivances were resorted to to help him, but failed, and he had to write by an amanuensis thenceforward. He could manage, by holding the pencil in both hands, to write a few short sentences occasionally, and this he did wherever he happened to be alone.

In dictating to his amanuensis, Mr. Prentice nearly always walked the floor and spoke as though he were talking to himself, and his voice had a peculiar nasal twang, caused by a disease of the nostrils, which required him to keep them stuffed with raw cotton. In thus committing his thoughts to paper, he punctuated his matter as he went, and, to more aptly illustrate it, one of the last paragraphs he ever wrote is here given with the punctuation marks in words as he gave them. The paragraph is a pen-picture of our irrepressible and standing candidate for President, George Francis Train:

"A locomotive that has run off of the track, (comma,) turned upside down, (comma) with the cowcatcher buried in a stump and the wheels making a thousand revolutions a minute. (Full stop.) A kite in the air that has lost its tail—(dash,) a human novel without a hero—(dash,) a man who climbs a tree after a bird's-nest out on a limb, (comma,) and in order to get it saws the limb off between himself and the tree. (Full stop.) A ship without a rudder—(dash,) a clock without hands—(dash,) a sermon that is all text—(dash,) a pantomime of words—(dash,) an arrow shot into the air—(dash,) the Apotheosis of talk—(dash,) the incarnation of gab. (Full stop.) Handsome, (comma,) vivacious, (comma,) muscular, (comma,) as neat as a cat, (comma,) clean to the marrow, (comma,) a judge of the effect of clothes, (comma,) frugal in food and regular only in habits. (Full stop.) A noonday mystery—(dash,) a solved conundrum—(dash,) a practical joke

in earnest—(dash,) a cypher hunting for a figure to pass for something, (comma,) with the brains of twenty men in his head all pulling in different directions; (semicolon,) not bad as to heart, (comma,) but a man who has shaken hands with reverence. (Full stop.)

A FRIEND AND ANTAGONIST.

No feelings of political animosity ever altered Mr. Prentice's personal friendship for any one. He almost loved Horace Greeley, who was for years his bitterest political enemy. Once when Greeley came to Louisville to deliver a lecture, which was given at Weiseger Hall, he called on Prentice at his editorial rooms, and when he opened the door the great wit received him with the strongest exhibitions of pleasure. I don't think they had ever met before, at least not for many years, but Mr. Prentice knew him at once, and who wouldn't. There was that veritable old white hat, that benign countenance—you might almost say 11 by 9 countenance. Those same pantaloons, everlastingly too short; that venerable white overcoat, and every other of the peculiarities in personel which so positively marked the philosopher of the Tribune.

On the evening of the lecture Mr. Prentice occupied a chair near the speaker, and listened attentively to every word that fell from his lips. A few days after he wrote this beautiful poem, which is entitled:

TO A POLITICAL OPPONENT.

I send thee, Greeley, words of cheer,
  Thou bravest, truest, best of men,
For I have marked thy strong career
  As traced by thy own sturdy pen.
I've seen thee struggle with the foes,
  That dared thee to the desperate fight,
And loved to watch the goodly blows
  Dealt for the cause thou deems't the right.

man who had something to say out

Thou'st dared to stand against the wrong,
  When others faltered by thy side,
In thy own strength hast dared be strong,
  Nor on another's arm relied.
Thy own bold thoughts, thou'st dared to think,
  Thy own great purposes avowed,
And none have ever seen thee shrink
  From the fierce surges of the crowd.

Thou, all unaided and alone,
  Didst take thy way in life's young years,
With no kind hand clasped in thy own,
  No gentle voice to soothe thy tears.
But thy high heart no power could tame,
  And thou hast never ceased to feel,
Within thy veins, a sacred flame,
  That turned thy iron nerves to steel.

I know that thou art not exempt
  From all the weaknesses of earth,
For passion comes to rouse and tempt
  The truest souls of mortal birth.
But thou hast well fulfilled thy trust,
  In spite of love and hope and fear,
And e'en the tempest's thundergust
  But clears thy spirit's atmosphere.

Thou still art in thy manhood's prime,
  Still foremost mid thy fellow-men,
Though in each year of all thy time
  Thou hast compressed three score and ten.
Oh, may each blessed sympathy,
  Breathed on thee with a tear and sigh,
A sweet flower in thy pathway be,
  A bright star in thy clear blue sky.

LOVE OF NATURE.

Mr. Griffin, who has been referred to before as Mr. Prentice's biographer, in his "Studies in Literature," says: "It has been said that Mr. Prentice wrote verses simply for recreation, and that he estimated lightly his poetic gift. This is a mistake. He wrote poetry because he loved it, and because he

couldn't help it. And yet, he used to advise young people not to aspire to do so, 'For,' said he, 'Poetry is the most unmarketable article in all the booths of vanity fair.' It was, however, so deeply woven in his nature that it became part of himself, and ever clung around and about him like the tendrils of the ivy to the oak. It was to his existence what the dew and the sunshine are to the flowers. He never wearied talking of the beauties of nature, and one could sit by him and listen, spell-bound, when he described the Mammoth Cave, with its deep chasms, Stygian pools, awful aisles, fathomless gulfs, chrystal fountains, and high-pillared domes, fretted with the semblance of stars and flowers; of Echo River, that wild and wizzard stream, upon whose dark bosom no star or rainbow ever glanced its image of love and beauty."

UNPOETIC HABITS.

Mr. Prentice had some very unpoetic habits, however, and his hat was the representative of one of them. It was an old curiosity shop. He always had it about half full of papers and memoranda, and, as it was a sort of general receptacle, he carried his spectacles, pocket-knife, scissors, pencils, everything, in it, and I have often seen him, absent-mindedly, put a well-masticated chew of tobacco into it, instead of throwing it away.

Speaking of his absent-mindedness, the following story gives a very striking example of it:

One dark and dismal night in winter, Charlie Morse, one of the editors of the Journal, brought into the editorial room a poor little kitten, which he had picked up on the street. It was all bedraggled with rain, begrimmed with the filth of the gutter, and shivering from cold. Mr. Prentice at once took

pitty upon the forlorn creature, and adopted it for his pet, and under his kind treatment it soon grew up to be as pretty and saucy a kitten as you ever saw.

The kind-hearted old gentleman used to send every morning to market for five cents worth of beef to feed his feline *protege*, and often there was much more than she could eat at once. The remainder he would carefully wrap up and put away in the pocket of the skirt of his coat for Pussey's next meal, but it would generally remain there until the aroma of it was anything but pleasant to the olfactories of every one in the room, and Mr. Prentice, forgetting of course the cause, would complain bitterly of the awful odor that pervaded the atmosphere of his sanctum, and would threaten to have the janitor removed if he didn't remove that smell, and the poor old darkey would saturate every corner and closet with disinfectants until some one of the reporters would get hold of Mr. Prentice's coat after he had resumed his little pea jacket for work, and rid the pockets of the nuisance; but neither he or the janitor ever knew the real cause of the trouble.

OBITUARY.

As an editor, Mr. Prentice wrote in simple and unmistakable language, sentences that impressed the appreciative scholar with admiration for their beauty, the politician and discussion with the power of his logic, his opponent with awe, and the multitude with enthusiasm.

His eloquence was as grand and lofty as the mountains, and as sweeping as the torrent that dashes through their gorges.

He grasped his subject with a hand of iron, and sent his thunderbolts abroad in tones deep and full of energy and

* "Finch" was his pretty reader on

pathos, while the lightnings of his wit and sarcasm gleamed through it frightfully or playfully, or pleasantly.

His humor was as rich and sparkling as the best champagne, and his satire as keen as the best Damascus blade. As a poet, he was sublime, for when in that muse's mood his mind seemed lifted e'en beyond the highest flight of

> "* * * * * * The proud bird,
> The condor of the Andes, that can soar
> Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
> The fury of the northern hurricane,
> And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home."

At the time of his birth, a furious storm was raging throughout the country—his life was one almost continued storm, and when the golden bowl was broken, and the silver chord unstrung, and the spirit of the great man took its flight to the God who gave it, the skies wept rain drops for his memory—the bleak winter winds rushed wildly and sadly by, lending their mournful music to his requiem. *La Belle Riviere*—the beautiful Ohio, on whose lovely banks he dwelt, swelled up in awful agony, and while the country mourned her heaven-gifted son, the world's constellation of literary stars hid their twinkling lights behind a cloud of sorrow, as this companion gem flew from its orbit into the interminable space of eternity.

A WHOLE LOT OF THEM.

Among the newspaper men whom this author claims for friends, and who have not been heretofore mentioned under this cover, are the following:

HENRY WATTERSON.

This gentleman is the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal. He is traveled, knows a great deal and how to tell it; is the worthy successor of Prentice, and though only 33 years of age, has won, by sheer genius, a national fame. What more can be said? Much; but it wouldn't signify any more.

DONALD PADMAN,

An accomplished phonographer, who gave up his beautiful science to become "Small Talk" on the Courier-Journal, in which department he has superinduced some exceedingly "immense chat." Donald is pale and interesting, young and smart.

HARRY UNDERWOOD.

Harry is married, and may his tribe increase. He was raised in a newspaper office and knows all about its ramifica-

tions, from roller to chief editor. He has auburn hair, and is as brave as a lion, and has written his weight in bright things.

ENOCH BREEDING,

Came a school-boy to the old Courier. He learned all about the newspaper business; developed a grand voice, a wonderful power of declamation, and when last heard from was rapidly ascending the gamut of popularity as a public reader.

JOHN KIRBY,

Always dressed like a bridegroom; was as neat as a canary feather; had a passion for the drama; carried a huge heart and a level head; long time local editor of the Louisville Journal; married a beautiful and accomplished young lady in Gallatin, Tennessee, and at the request of his father-in-law, became a hardware merchant in that pleasant village.

WALLACE GRUELLE

Was a born poet, worked on more newspapers than it would be possible to enumerate; always cared more for the dress of nature than his own; has been a soldier, a Good Templar and a good fellow, and is now editing a country paper in Kentucky.

DARBY DOYLE

Wrote funny things for the old Courier, especially about the police court; published "Tiltereena," and then joined the army for safety; but he was a trump.

CHARLIE MORSE,

Noted as being a first-class news-editor, went West; was killed by the Indians through the newspapers, but turned up afterward,

"as well and as hearty as he ever was," with more hair than usual, and now manipulates a Buffalo paper, which perhaps he became acquainted with on the plains.

CHARLIE FAXON,

Poor fellow, was one of nature's noblemen; a brother of the editor-family of Faxons, and of Henry, who wrote the "Beautiful Snow;" was for a long time chief editor of the old Courier; gave Prentice many a hard rub, and died in Clarksville, Tenn., mourned by an innumerable list of friends.

DICK ENGLISH,

River-editor and co-proprietor of the Memphis Appeal. Always well dressed, dignified and gentlemanly. A true friend and an unforgiving enemy. It is to be hoped that he is still alive and happy.

JIM DURFF,

River-editor of the Avalanche in the same city; had been a steamboat captain, and rose to be an alderman; got rich and, with well lined, full capon, retired. His brother drew a big prize in the Louisville lottery, and Jim did the same when he was married, but did not get his prize from the same source.

DAVE SUTTON,

City editor of the St. Louis Times; side whiskers, dignified, even to austerity at times; keen and shrewd; elected clerk of the Missouri House of Representatives, served faithfully, and is likely to be re-lected, at this writing.

WILLARD NICHOLS, JR.,

The son of an editor and a poetess; tall, handsome, huge-hearted, gallant and sensible; has tried editing a weekly paper, which was a success in everything but public patronage; is now localizing the Indianapolis Journal.

WILL. HANLY.

Editor of the Mt. Sterling (Kentucky) Sentinel. Gloriously fleshy, good-humored and lazy. Manipulates wise views of the kaleideoscopic politics of his native State with a master hand, and is happy in having helped to build ever so many railroads with his pen. May his shadow never grow less.

COL. JOHN McMICHAEL,

Late editor of the Kansas City News, is an Ohioan by birth and a lawyer by education, but he quit practicing the legal profession before it had hardened his cheek. He has been a legislator for Missouri and a candidate for Congress, but this last fact is not mentioned for the purpose of traducing him, as he is really a good man.

FRANK GRICE,

City editor of the Kansas City News and part proprietor, is always the champion of the poor and oppressed. He has a love for a huge sensation, which almost approaches mono-maniaism; can dress a scandal in the most delicate toggery and hand it down to the public as if with sugar tongs, and dotes on initiating the verdant visitor into the mysteries of the Turkish bath. He is a capital friend, a first class enemy, and fears

nothing except to do his neighbor a wrong. He is handsome and dresses well, and is a favorite with the ladies.

COL. R. T. VAN HORN

Is the chief editor and largest shareholder in the Kansas City Journal of Commerce. His editorials are written tersely and forcibly. He hits the nail on the head every time he strikes. Col. Van Horn is an able and successful politician, who knows everything about that science. He has been Mayor of Kansas City, has represented his district in Congress, and led the "bloody" 25th Missouri into the late war.

W. H. MILLER

Is a brunette, dignified and thoughtful. He smiles graciously at the worst jokes if they come from a friend, and frowns darkly on the best ones when they emanate from other sources. Miller was first a Nebraska City editor, then commercial editor of the Kansas City Journal of Commerce, and having succeeded in constructing a nonpareil barge line he seemed to consider his mission fulfilled, and so went to writing on the editorial side of the same paper. He is profound and erudite, and his employers like him, as do his acquaintances generally.

D. ROYCE DRAKE

Is commercial editor of the Kansas City Journal of Commerce and secretary of the Board of Trade. Drake is considered a perfect "duck" of a fellow among the ladies, and merchants dote on him as *au fait* in trade matters. If there is one thing more than another which Drake is posted on it is the packing business in Kansas City. On that subject he is enthusiastic.

Simmons has been the rounds, and is a first-class Western newspaper man in any capacity. He has, like other Bohemians, had a mixed time of it, having worked on many different papers in as many different cities. He is small, lithe, active and unassuming, and goes along about his business just like a man who knows exactly what he wants, and he generally gets it.

DUDLEY McADOW

Is a new man, almost, in the newspaper business, but he takes hold like an old one. He is on the Times staff, of Kansas City; is young, smart and energetic, and if he holds on to journalism will make an enviable reputation in its ranks. He is good-looking, and the girls dote on him. He is terrible at a church fair, especially at the supper-table.

CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

Is a brother of Jesse. He is a locomotive engineer by trade, but went into the newspaper business about four years ago, as the local editor of the Bulletin, of Kansas City, and is now on the Times in the same capacity. Whitehead presents another of those strange freaks of fact, a newspaper reporter and a rich man combined. He is a good news-grabber, knows everybody in Kansas City, and hence fills his place well.

OTTO HOLSTIEN.

If there is a man on the face of the earth who knows more about race-horses and their history than Otto Holstien does, he is a prodigy. Holstien knows the name, pedigree and time of every prominent horse that ever struck the turf, and he writes up the horse interests of the Missouri Valley for-

divers newspapers, especially The Turf, Field and Farm, of New York. Holstien is also a fine musician, and has written some criticisms of musical performances that would have done credit to a leading musical critic of the metropolis. He is a big-hearted, clever fellow, and is in the habit of saying very funny things.

COL. JOHN A. MARTIN

Is the editor of the Atchison Champion. Though a young man, he has long experience, and gets up, almost unaided, a splendid, newsy and flourishing little daily paper. Colonel Martin served with distinction in the Federal army during the war. He is handsome, good-natured, genial, married and happy.

MAJOR WM. CAFFREY

Is the editor of the Brownville (Neb.) Advertiser. If it wasn't for fear of being murdered, this writer would be almost tempted to call him a "Nestor of the press." He is certainly a nest-egg of the press, for he has been in the business ever since his childhood, and that was a long time ago. His most remarkable feat in newspaperdom was that of running a daily paper Fort Scott, Kansas, with the sheriff attaching his forms for l regularly every day, for fourteen days, just as he was going ress. This was kept up until Caffrey had every friend in the nty on his bail bonds, and finally he took "leg bail." All the ible, too, occurred about something some one else had written in which Caffrey had no interest; and after he had been ed, the man who wrote the matter apologised to the man om he had traduced, acknowledged the falsity of his charges,

but admires, and would like to give them the modest space herein which he has given to others, but lack of time and the reasons given above, preclude such a possibility, and therefore he can only give them collectively the wish that they may "live long and prosper."

MY VILLAGE HOME.

TO WILL S. BARNES.

In Memory's halls my dear old home,
  And boyhood's bright and happy days,
Shall live with me where'er I roam,
  And light me with their gladsome rays
  Along life's hard and thorny ways.

Long years had passed, and many friends
  Were wishing I would come again—
And others too—for Hate oft bends
  Before the throne of years, like grain
  Before the wind, and hail, and rain.

As thus a welcome I had earned
  Of hearty, good, and kindly will;
With joy my wandering steps I turned,
  And sought my old home on the hill,
  And those who fondly loved me still.

Just where the turnpike rounds a ledge,
  O'ergrown with flowers, turf and moss,
Where, underneath, a thickset hedge
  Caught many an autumn's heap of dross,
  That northwinds from the branches toss,

My heart was gladdened once again
  By sight of what, in fitful gleams,
Had oft been pictured to my brain,
  In slumber's fancy—blessed dreams—
  My mountain home, its hills and streams.

The sun just tipped the trees with light,
  Their lengthening shadows fell by mine,
And in the far off distance, bright
  I saw the gleaming steeples shine,
  And sunset gild the waving pine.

I gazed enrapturned on the scene—
  Below, the vale, beyond, the town
Just peeping through its leafy screen,
  And stood there till the sun went down
  And darkness gathered all around

Then on with eager haste I bent—
  Across the bridge, and up the road,
And to my limbs new strength was lent,
  And lighter grew my heavy load
  As near and nearer home I strode.

The stage coach, and its weary four,
  Came slowly up the stony hill,
And save the mill-dam's sullen roar,
  The night was silent, calm and still;
  Hushed e'en the music of the rill.

But when the driver wound his horn,
  A hundred watch-dogs bayed aloud;
The hills threw back the notes in scorn,
  And towered higher, darker browed,
  Beneath their crowns of silv'ry cloud.

I strolled on through the quiet street,
  Where tall old trees, on either hand,
Wept dew-drops, bowed, and seemed to meet,
  And sighed, while gentle breezes fanned
  The face of this, my native land.

I stood a moment by the gate,
  Before a little cottage door,
Where oft I lingered sadly late
  With one I loved in days of yore;
  Love now, and shall forevermore.

A lamp within sent mellow light
  Far out into the darkness wild,
And on the curtains, pure and white,
  Were blent in shadow pictures mild,
  A kneeling mother and her child.

I knew it was my heart's first love,
  Whom bitter fate had torn from me—
To waft her orisons above,
  She knelt, her child beside her knee—
  She was my boy-love, Ella Gree.

Then lifted was my heart with hers
  To that bright realm beyond the sky,
Where angel voices, mid the spheres,
  Chant "Blessed be the Lamb on High,"
  In sweetly sounding symphony.

I prayed that Heaven's blessings should
  Forever circle 'round her brow;
That smiling Fortune kindly would
  Her life with gracious gifts endow,
  And endless happiness allow.

* * * * * * *

Of those who were my schoolmates dear,
  With rosy cheeks and happy hearts,
I found them aged, worn and sere,
  Engaged in wealth-engendering arts
  And chasing treasures in Life's marts.

Around them clustered boys and girls,
  Just such as we, in by-gone days,
Whose joyous shouts, and dancing curls,
  Brought back to me, in halcyon rays,
  That golden time which never stays.

I lived my young life o'er, among
  The scenes my boyish days had known,
In sylvan aisles, where echoes rung
  To laugh, or shout, or mocking mean,
  In clear, and wild, and startling tone.

Sometimes along the green hill slopes
  I rambled with my schoolmates' boys,
And felt how Age bears of Youth's hopes,
  And tramples o'er our vain sought joys,
  And bursts our airy bubble toys.

These little comrades led me 'round
  A footpath on the mountain side,
Where 'twixt the hills, with mighty bound,
  The torrent flings its sparkling tide
  Down to a lake deep, blue and wide.

And then through caves, in brooks and mire;
  O'er fallow-field; through wood and brake;
Now picking berries from the briar,
  Now skipping stones upon the lake,
  Or resting, for some laggard's sake.

Then through the graveyard, by the wood,
  Where sweetly bloomed the wild vine-rose;
There once the church and school house stood;
  There many dear loved friends repose
  And still that old-time graveyard grows.

A thicket covers now the ground
  That many a year had bloomed with corn,
Where, as a boy, I've followed round
  The ploughman, many a rosy morn,
  And with him blessed the dinner-horn.

Old Winter's bleak and chilly wind,
  And rattling sleet, and driving rain,
A grand old forest used to find
  On yonder broad and level plain,
  Now covered o'er with golden grain.

The house wherein my father dwelt,
  And where his father's head grew gray;
Beneath whose roof my mother knelt,
  And taught her children how to pray,
  Has, like those loved ones, passed away.

Now far from all, 'tis joy to think
  Remembrance yet hath left her smiles
My heart to home she still doth link;
  Her potent hand blots out the miles,
  And visions sweet my life beguiles.

B-O-S-H

THE IMMERSION.

TO NOBLE L. PRENTIS.

The Sabbath evening's sunshine streams
In tender, soft and golden gleams,
Through early spring-time's half clad trees,
That shiver in the chilling breeze.

Down where the Kaw glides gracefully along,
Beside the stream, a joyous little throng,
Is gathered on the wave-washed, pebbly shore—
The Jordan Gate to God's Forevermore.

Clad in a loose and flowing gown,
An aged minister goes down,
With cautious step, and staff in hand,
From where his congregation stand,

And sounds the rushing waters till they gird
His waist, and lave his long and snowy beard.
He then returning lifts his streaming eyes,
In holy prayer, toward the upper skies.

Now, as he leads a convert in—
Toward his God—away from sin,
A song of joy the silence breaks,
And echo from the hills awakes.

The song is hushed and Christian hearts rejoice,
As o'er the stream the old man's feeble voice
Is heard, in distant, deep and solemn tone,
Sweet as the windharp's melancholy moan.

And in the name of God, and Son,
And Holy Spirit—Three in One—
The sinner sinks beneath the wave,
And grasps the Pearl the Savior gave.

And now the joyous band upon the shore
Sing louder, louder, sweeter than before,
And 'cross the stream another happy throng,
Catch up the swelling chorus of the song.

And faintly o'er the waters wide,
Like vesper hymn, the echoes ride,
Till up they roll, through heaven's open door,
And swell the music there forevermore.

Psh!

A FRIEND'S SON.

TO HENRY KIRK WHITE, JUNIOR.

My little, unknown, far-off friend,
  I've heard your father say,
His dearest, fondest wishes tend,
  That you, some future day,
In this wide world may be of mark,
  Deceive him not, I pray,
But strive on, in the day and dark,
  And lighten down his way.

When you have reached the golden age
  Of manhood's noble prime,
Please read again this simple page
  Of heartfelt, homely rhyme,
And kindly wonder who could dare
  Commit so great a crime,
As mimic such a poet rare,
  As that namesake of thine.

And when your glass of life has run
  Its bright and glittering sands,
Oh, may you go beyond the sun
  To those bright meadow-lands,
Where God's clear river runs so near
  The house made not by hands;
And where melodious songs you'll hear
  From hosts of angel bands.

MY COMRADE WITH A CROWN.

TO THE MEMORY OF COLMAN R. APPERSON.

My dearest friend, when later years
  Have floated down life's troubled stream,
Laden with care, as age appears
  Remember then youth's golden dream,
When, with that glow of nerving ire,
  That ever cheers the patriot on
To brave hard toil and dangers dire,
  Thus to avenge his country's wrong,
We left our homes and kindred dear,
  By deep prayers followed that our stay
Would bring naught but a thankful tear
  That God had lightened all our way;
Remember, too, this barren rock,
  Where nature holds her rugged sway,
Where chaos wild she seems to mock,
  As when the world had known no day;
How on our watch together here
  We vowed to change the scene and page,
And in another play appear
  Upon a better lighted stage;
Ah, yes, when age has dimmed your sight,
  Let memory greet me with a smile,
The boy, who by you, stood for right—
  Your true friend in the rank and file.

HANGING ROCK, WILD-CAT, KY., June 18, 1863.

But now long since those humble lines were writ,
By a flickering midnight lamp I sit,
Remembering sadly thou art in thy grave,
My gallant friend, so noble, true, and brave.

For on Resacca's blood-red field of strife,
To country yielding there thy pure young life,
In glowing lines upon the scroll of fame
Was traced, forever bright, thy glorious name.

And high o'er all thy lofty soul hath soared
Away to Him by all pure hearts adored;
But, thanks to God, beyond the silent grave
Once more with thee we'll meet, our long lost brave!

LOUISVILLE, KY., February 3, 1868.

THE MOON'S PATH ON THE WATERS.

TO MY MOTHER.

Our noble craft was gliding down
  The river dark and seething,
I walked the deck and mem'ries sweet
  Came gently o'er me breathing.

The darksome clouds had cleared away,
  The stars were brightly twinkling,
And in the distance, sweetly chimed,
  The far-off herd-bell's tinkling.

And from me to the distant shore,
  In radiant beauty beaming,
A path of light, upon the tide,
  Was clearly, softly streaming.

It was as if the waters dark
  Had stolen all the gladness
That shone from Luna's kindly face,
  And left it full of sadness.

As fast, or slow, our boat rode on,
  Still on the waters glim'ring
From off our starboard guard, this path
  Danced clear, and bright, and shim'ring.

While gazing on the weird-like scene,
  A beauteous vision lightly
Stepped on the path, and to'ard me came
  An angel fair and sightly.

Oh, what a moment to my soul
  Was that, when she was near me,
Before my raptured eyes there stood
  My sister, loved so dearly.

I sought to catch her in my arms—
  My mother's long-lost daughter—
But lost my hold and sank beneath
  The cold and gurgling water.

A DREAM.

TO S. CLARKE BASCOM.

Once on a balmy summer day
  I bade my cumbering cares adieu,
And wandered from my darksome way
  To scenes of fairer, brighter hue.

I rambled through a shady wood,
  Where, oft in childhood, I'd been told,
Lived elfin people, pure and good,
  And where a mystic river rolled.

As darkness gathered o'er the earth,
  And bright stars glittered in the sky,
When all the birds had ceased their mirth,
  And nature hushed her lullaby,

I kneeled beside a gnarl'd old tree,
  Upon a soft and mossy bank,
And soon, in happy reverie,
  My troubled spirit sweetly sank.

Then on the zephyrs borne along,
  And echoing through the sylvan aisles,
I heard this sweet melodious song:
  "Dame Fortune comes with sunny smiles."

She came and brought a golden cup,
  Filled from pellucid Lethe's stream,
And gave it me that I might sup
  Till Fancy spread a cheerful dream.

I drank, and straightway rose a scene,
  Such as no mortal eye e'er scanned;
Sweet fairies danced upon a green,
  To music from a daisy band.

Methought, that, 'mid the fairy throng,
  I saw my loved one sporting there,
And heard her cheery, winsome song
  Ring sweetly on the moonlit air.

And happiness without alloy
  Beamed from her blue eyes' soul-lit ray;
Her heart seemed flowing o'er with joy—
  The bonnie, blithesome, blessed fay.

Then faint winds whispered on their way,
  "Awake, behold yon orient light;
These happy scenes fade with the day,"
  And thus the dream passed from my sight.

THE DRUNKARD'S LOVE.

TO ————

How very sad I feel to-night,
  Sitting here alone;
All my joys have taken flight,
  Down the river flown.

On yon vessel, proudly steaming
  Down the river's tide,
Stands my love, the bright star beaming
  Through my life, my guide.

Sad for me I ne'er deserved her—
  Fortune made me so;
Fortune too hath well preserved her
  From a life of woe.

For although I loved her dearly,
  Wildly, fondly, true,
And her loss has very nearly
  Cleft my soul in two,

Though her love she'd still be bringing
  To me in my fall—
Like the ivy, closely clinging
  To the falling wall,

Yet I will not harm my idol,
  Beautiful and rare;
Lead her to a shameful bridal,
  Ending in despair.

For my nature's sadly tainted
  By the venom, wine,
And the fate of her, my sainted,
  Shall not be as mine.

Therefore, down the rolling river,
  She has gone away;
Gone with one who'll kindly give her
  Joy the livelong day.

AWAKE THE HARP.

TO FRANK CLARK.

Awake the harp of Ireland,
  The symbol of her fall;
Upon her sod take noble stand,
  And sound dear Freedom's call.
Brush off the dust that centuries
  Upon its strings have flung,
And wake the proud old memories
  Of which her bards have sung.
    Oh, strain the chords to harmony,
      And strike them bold and free,
    For Erin and her liberty,
      The gem beyond the sea.

Though faint the ray of hope now gleams
  From Erin's cloud-hid sky,
'Twill burst yet in effulgent streams
  By grace from Him on high.
Once more her sons brave, warlike, bold,
  Will write a page of glory,
And wear again the collar of gold,
  Renowned in olden story.

America, the freeman's land,
  Looks with approving smile
Upon the gallant Fenian band
  Who love the Emerald Isle,
And who with old Hibernia's power
  Will dash the lion down,
And once again revive her hour
  Of glory and renown.

TILLIE TATE.

TO COL. JOHN A. JOYCE.

He loves me, oh 'tis truly so!
  For by the spring-way gate,
He told me this, sealed with a kiss,
  "I love you, Tillie Tate."

The moon shone bright that happy night,
  And when it was quite late,
He whispered low, and sweetly slow,
  "I love you, Tillie Tate."

It would be wrong, if in this song
  I did the whole relate,
But you may know, he calls me oh!
  His darling Tillie Tate.

And soon you'll see, that I will be
  His proud and happy mate,
And his strong arm will shield from harm
  His loving Tillie Tate.

And purest joy, without alloy,
  Upon us both shall wait
As down life's tide we sweetly glide—
  He and his Tillie Tate.

BIRDIE LU.

TO WALLER YOUNG.

By a little white cot, where prairie flowers,
  Grow nearly in at the door,
And fairies at night, in their tiny bowers,
  Sing low to each elfin wooer;
Where under the stars, like diamonds glisten,
  As bright as the stars the dew.
Where all of the birds to the whip-poor-will listen,
  'Twas there I met Birdie Lu.
    Birdie Lu, Birdie Lu, I'm thinking of you,
    I'm thinking of you, Birdie Lu,
    And the brightest ray of each passing day
    Is a thought of you, Birdie Lu.

Her hair is as black as the night raven's pinion,
  Her voice is the lark's sweet song—
My heart is her slave, her dutiful minion,
  In fetters of love bound strong.
Her eyes are sparkling and wondrously witchin',
  Of heaven's deep beauteous blue,
And her love, dear love, I am ever so rich in,
  My pet, my dear Birdie Lu.

One night when the bright crescent moon was shining
  So softly in at the door,
Where vines round the lattice were tenderly twining,
  I told my love o'er and o'er.
She promised me then she'd be mine forever,
  My own, sweet, loving and true.
I'll never be sad again, never, no, never,
  I've won my dear Birdie Lu.
    Birdie Lu, Birdie Lu, I'm thinking of you,
    I'm thinking of you, Birdie Lu,
    And the brightest ray of each passing day
    Is a thought of you, Birdie Lu.

BETWEEN THE OAK AND ELM.

TO GEORGE GASTON.

Out on the skirts of a brave young town,
  My friend has built his quiet home—
  Out of the reach of the surf and foam
Of the surging sea of life around.

On a lofty hill, rough, grand and steep,
  Whose beetling face looks sternly down,
  As in an ever dark'ning frown,
To where Missouri's waters sleep.

Below, a sister city lies,
  From out whose strong and throbbing heart,
  The blood of commerce fresh doth start,
And through her iron arteries flies.

And far beyond the opposing hills,
  Across the river's sleeping tide,
  Where gallant steamers nobly ride,
The bloom decked plain the picture fills.

A happy man—if such there lives—
  Must be my noble hearty friend.
  No little grief his soul should bend,
For he has all that Fortune gives.

An oak—a monarch of the wood—
  An elm-tree grand, of haughty mien,
  His little cottage stands between,
As safe as ever castle stood.

His wife, a young and girlish joy,
  Makes full each day his cup of bliss
  With many a sweet caress and kiss,
And laugh, and jest, so gay and coy.

And that their lives be thus, along
  The oft-time rugged path of life,
  Full free from every care and strife,
Shall be the prayer that ends my song.

DEDICATORY.

The following lines were written for the inauguration of Tootle's Opera House at St. Joseph, Missouri, on the night of December the 9th, 1872, and were read on that occasion by Mr. Agustus Pitou, formerly of Booth's Theatre, New York. The House was opened under the auspices of Manager John A. Stevens, with Maggie Mitchell as the star.

Not many short and fleeting years,
With all their hopes, and joys, and fears,
Have marched, unhalting to the dead,
With steady, stern and silent tread,
Since o'er the hills and valleys here,
The red man chased the panting deer,
And by the dark Missouri's tide
The warrior wooed his dusky bride
Not long ago, where now we stand,
With blessings rich, on every hand,
The war-whoop thro' the forest rang,
Among the pines the wild winds sang;
The screams of eagles in the air
Met echo in the gray wolf's lair;
The bison, with his shaggy mane,
Grazed all unharmed upon the plain;
The paddle of the light canoe
Flashed where the water-lillies grew;
In nature's garb the land was drest,
From mountain's foot to craggy crest,
And all was fresh, untouched and wild,
The free home of the forest child.

But soon, from to'ard the rising sun,
Was heard the white man's axe and gun;
The forest bowed before his hand,
And as a garden, bloomed the land,
The ploughshare turned the virgin soil,
And rich rewards repaid the toil
Of every hardy pioneer
Who built his humble cabin here.
Fair cities decked the boundless west,
And here, the fairest and the best,
Sprang up, as if the builder's arm
Was aided by a magic charm.
Spurning the river's rushing tide,
Proud steamers 'gainst each other vied
To bring the wealth of every land
To this fair city's queenly hand.
And soon o'er hill, and vale, and stream,
Was heard the wild and startling scream
Of swiftly-flying, fire-fed steed,
Dashing along at wondrous speed,
And scattering here, far and near,
Wealth and strength in his proud career.
And thus, among the Blacksnake hills,
Spires and homes, and shops and mills
Have risen as though genii hands
Had wrought where this fair city stands.

The rarest of the glist'ning gems
  That deck the city's brow—
The brightest in her diadem,
  Is this we're setting now;
And he who gave this temple name,
  Shall crown the beaut'ous queen,
And coming years shall sing his fame
  And keep his mem'ry green:

Each lovely Muse, who has a place
  Within this temple grand,
His dreams, and waking thoughts, shall grace,
  And bless his open hand;
For 'neath the sun, no fairer shrine,
  Since Delphi, lost so long,
Was ever lifted to the Nine
  Of Art, and Soul, and Song.

'Neath this broad dome, night after night,
  For many a coming year—
'Neath all the golden, dazzling light,
  From yon bright chandelier,
Shall come the man, the maid, the dame,
  To drink from pleasure's cup,
And see the actor strive for fame,
  And hold the mirror up.

The walking thoughts of Avon's bard
  His hero, king and clown,
His guileless maid, and bearded pard,
  And monk, in cowl and gown,
Shall often picture, on this stage,
  The passions, loves and hates,
Of every nation, land and age
  Outside the pearly gates.

The soldier, lady-love and king,
  Who came at Bulwer's call,
Shall make their gallant speeches ring
  And echo through this hall,
And birds of song their notes shall trill
  'Mid orange groves and palms,
And every heart shall feel the thrill
  Of music's potent charms.

Here England's pursy Knight shall wince
  Before the Windsor fays,
And Denmark's melancholy prince
  Shall call his mimic plays,
And handle Yorrick's fleshless pate,
  And break Ophelia's heart,
And taming handsome, shrewish Kate
  Petrucio 'll play his part.

Here Lear, every inch a king,
  Shall wear his monstrous woes,
And Juliet to her lover cling
  'Till death's releasing throes.
Macbeth shall rue his murd'rous deeds
  In crime's entangling mesh,
And Shylock, with revengeful greed,
  Demand his pound of flesh.

And hunch-back Richard cruel, vile,
  Shall meet his Richmond here,
And o'er great Cæsar's fun'ral pile
  Shall fall the Roman tear.
The jealous Moor, shall send above
  Sweet Desdemona's soul,
And Pauline prove that woman's love
  Outweighs the power of gold.

Bright tears of joy shall dim the eye,
  For Darling Jessie Brown,
Who hears, while others 'round her die,
  The welcome slogan's sound.
Here poor old Rip shall totter in
  To seek his little cot,
And find how, in Life's rush and din,
  We are so soon forgot.

The earth, the sky, the boundless sea
  And every race and age,
Before these scenes shall gathered be
  Upon this spacious stage.
Here Pleasure, with her smiles shall bring
  Surcease from daily cares,
And dullen sorrow's sharpened sting,
  And lift the woe she bears.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

When low behind the Western sky
  Sank yester even's sun,
Upon his saddened face was writ
  "The Qld Year's work is done."

And when, this morn, he came again
  With bright and shining face,
He told the world "another year
  Begins to runs its race."

Between those suns, at noon of night,
  The Old Year's knell was rung,
And echoing through the Universe,
  The New Year's birth was sung.

And yet, in sweetest harmony
  These differing strains did blend—
The death-wail and the birth-song,
  The beginning and the end.

And thus the years, one after one,
  Pass to those silent halls,
Where all the other dead ones wait
  'Till God's archangel calls.

'Till Gabriel's trump shall signal forth
  The Resurrection morn,
And Time to God, shall answer for,
  The deeds of years agone.

When Time shall yield his sceptre up
  To dread Eternity,
And hear his doom proclaimed abroad,
  "Thou never more shalt be."

But now, upon his mighty throne,
  The monarch Time doth sit,
And on his brow, in deep cut lines,
    Relentlessness is writ.

Liege lords of his, are all the years,
  Their vassals are the days,
Who serve each lord right loyally,
  While in Time's realm he stays.

And all the days must pass before
  Their monarch's royal seat,
And leave their records, lying there,
  Before his kingly feet.

These records mark each little act
  Of every day and night—
Each boldly written bright and clear
  On sheets of purest white.

So when the pages which are brought,
  Are turned, one after one,
We read in glowing lines, the tale,
  Of what the year has done.

RED CHECKS.

TO JOHN T. KIMBROUGH.

I've had the durndest streak of luck
That any fellow ever struck
  For six months now, or more.
My togs are bad and gittin' wuss,
My hat aint worth a copper cuss
  'Tis an infernal bore.

To show how things will all go wrong
When on that road they start along,
  Just listen to this tale.
I'd tramped a many a weary mile
Without a single bite, or smile—
  Was hungry, worn and pale.

'Twas gittin' awful cold and black
As I come hoofin' down the track
  Into a country town.
I didn't know a soul anigh
Unto whose hash pile I could fly,
  For miles and miles around.

I walked into that country town
And in a faro bank sat down
  And took a little horn,
And, tell you what's the honest truth,
The checks they used, my gentle youth,
  Were grains of Injun corn.

I watched that little game awhile,
Then to myself said with a smile,
  "Now here's a chance for me."
I know'd that just a few miles back
I'd passed a corn-crib by the track
  As full as it could be.

I sauntered out of that 'ere place
And turned my hopeful eager face
  Toward that brimmin' bin,
And soon I reached the happy spot,
And felt among the lucky lot,
  And took a big ear in.

I shelled it as I went along,
And sung the only happy song
  I'd sung for ninety days.
I stuck my stake into my clothes,
And in that bank I stuck my nose,
  For I had made a raise.

I watched the game a turn or two,
And tried to look as green as you,
  And thought I'd played it fine—
Then walked up like a country jake
And took a handful of my stake
  And laid it on the nine.

The dealer looked up, with a sigh,
That made me think a winnin's nigh,
  And said in tones so bland,
"My worthy friend. It mayn't be right
But no red chips are played to-night."
  And that's the way it panned.

Now thar's my luck, and any beast
Who says its good, he lies at least—
  I'd tell him so right here—
For in that bin, chuck full of grain,
No man could ever go, again
  And find a colored ear.

THE SUB'S LAMENT.

BY A GALLEY SLAVE.

This thing of being a hungry "sub"
  Is the worst I believe in the "biz."
At times it's a "scratch" to get some "grub"—
  But you know how it is.
I "labored" hard the other night,
  And got up a pretty good "string"—
My "Reg" came back, and I got tight,
  And felt as rich as a king.
    But now I feel awfully, fearfully bad
    And this to me is a warning,
    So set up a couple of drinks my lad
    And I'll sell my string in the morning.

This last old drunk I "tumbled on:"
  Got nearly away with me;
My nervous system was almost gone—
  I'm shaky yet you see.
I'll taper off now, right away,
  And come to good "hard pan"—
I had the "jim-jams" yesterday—
  Was nearly a clean gone man.

To set up "ems" 'tis very true,
  Will always relieve a sub,
But now to find a fellow who
  Will "set 'em up 's," the rub.
With "quills" I can't come to the trough,
  But tell you what I'll do:
For who shall stand the landlord off,
  I'll "jeff the quads" with you.

THE CIRCUS QUEEN.

TO LA PETITE MINNIE.

Beneath the strange, white canvas dome,
Of Barnum's famous hippodrome,
  Where gilded banners rise and swell,
  Like those of which old stories tell,
Where ladies fair, in plumage gay,
And knights in battle's stern array,
  Guide noble chargers 'round and 'round.
  All faithful to the bugle's sound;
Where chandeliers, and lanterns bright,
Lend wild beauty to the night.
  'Twas there, and in that dazzling scene,
  My heart first saw its *petite* queen.

A gallant steed came dashing through
A doorway hid by curtains blue,
  And sped as swiftly 'round the ring,
  As spring-time swallows on the wing.
And then with music's startling swell,
Came tripping in *ma petite belle*—
  An elfin princess, fair and light,
  With sparkling eyes and smiles so bright,
Her laughing dimples, lips so sweet
Her rosy cheeks and tiny feet,
  And clust'ring curls of dark brown hair
  Eclipsed the fairest of the fair.

Upon the handsome blooded bay,
She mounted light and dashed away
  O'er hurdles, fences, gates and bars,
  Amid the people's wild huzzas.
Such feats on horseback ne'er were seen
As those of this brave circus queen.
  This maiden, innocent and young,
  In whose sweet praise my lute is strung.
To plaudits from the surging crowd,
She bent her head and gently bowed;
  And I, a thoughtless, selfish ninny,
  Left, in love with little Minnie.

Now the shimmering in the Northern lights,
The crimson stripe with heaven's blue unites,
And in their splendor quivering bars
Weave in and out among the shining stars
'Till gleaming with a gem in every fold,
Our glorious banner is unrolled.

Through all the year, on every sea,
Hath waved this ensign of the free,
And guided by its lambent light,
Our young Republic, in the right,
Leads ever onward, stern arrayed,
And wielding Freedom's battle blade.

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